

# CARRION-FED AMERICA

JEROME PALMER, O. S. B.

**Y**OU HAVE never been hot under the collar, not *really* hot, unless you have read some of the low and vicious publications that half-wits and nit-wits are allowed to foist upon our reading public. Maliciously false, these panderers of slander besmirch the fair name of Church and Churchmen, stab from behind, lie like Satan, and then when their spleen is exhausted crawl guiltily to some Sisters' hospital where they may receive the care they know they don't deserve.

The marvel is not that we have perverted writers and unscrupulous printers, but that liberty-loving Americans are tolerant enough to see their institutions so cruelly attacked and far from protesting blindly support the press that is trying to destroy them.

**F**OR 1400 years monasticism has been laboring to make of Europe a garden of peace and virtue. The Church has met with little success in recent centuries because she has been checked in every effort. Deprived again and again of their buildings and their art treasures, the Monks did not abandon their project. Even through the ravages of the great religious upheaval of the sixteenth century, even through the dread cataclysm of the World War, they unstintingly labored for the welfare of an ungrateful race. And now their thanks have come. Deaf to their lessons of peace and brotherly love, war-mad and irresponsible upstarts of a day dislodge them from their convents and make of their prayer centers museums of man's stupidity. Fake and libellous trials are announced, which prove to be no more than a wholesale mud-slinging, and when the atmosphere has been cleared, the American public is con-

fronted with a colossal and damnable lie—"Vice in German Monasteries," in which the author *proves* that he found 337 out of 400 . . . Monks in one province guilty of various unnatural vices. He did so much better than Hitler's puppets that surely there ought to be an opening for such a fabricator.

The writer of this filthy and crude attack on the Church in Germany has already given to the world frequent evidence of his unsound judgment and untrained intellect. If, as he contends, he spent twelve years in a monastery, it is another proof either of the virtue and fraternal charity practiced in such communities that he was permitted to stay so long, or of his own depravity for staying twelve years in such "sink-holes." As an "ex-priest" he still has an unpleasant death to look forward to, for even "ex-priests" cannot live forever.

**T**O GIVE the book a large circulation it is offered as a premium for one year's subscription to an anti-Catholic paper. The paper is edited by an unscrupulous man who has the brazenness to assert that he has distributed more than 200,000,000 books. (He has offered as many as five at a time free with each one year's subscription.)

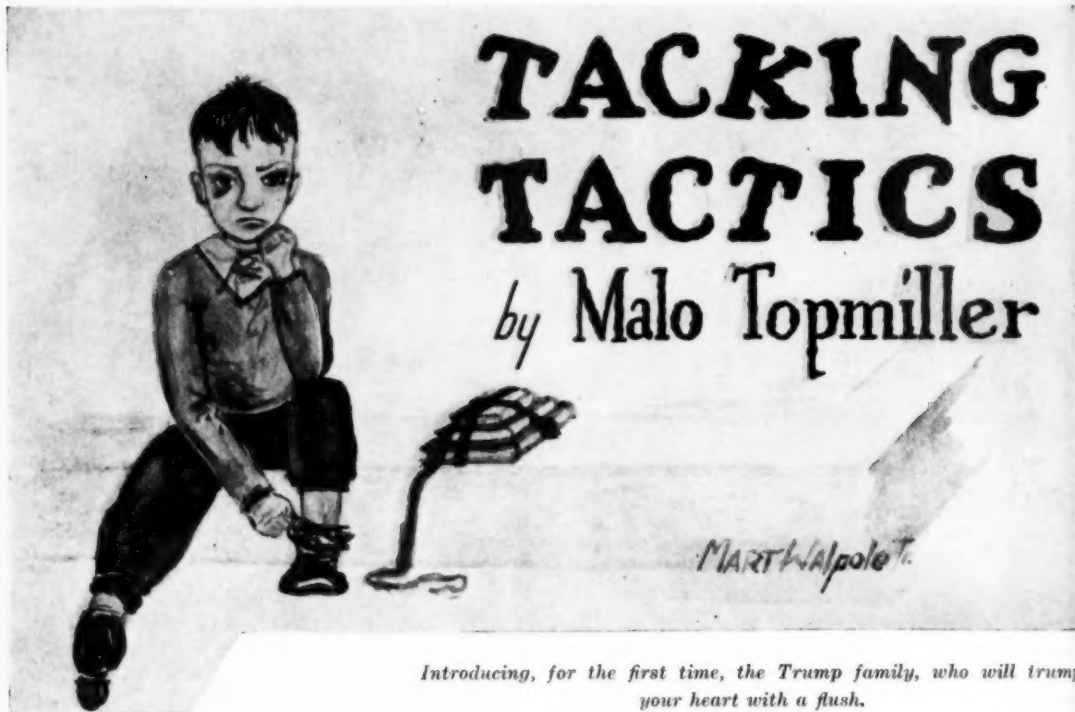
In the same issue in which he states that the Catholic Church has muzzled the press in this country he carries a paid advertisement for the paraphernalia of sex-morons. In the same issue in which he condemns a mail lottery in the East he carries an advertisement: "Pull in the dollars with the 'Money by Mail' system."

"I have always avoided the lurid in subject matter or in titles," he

states, and on the same page carries an announcement of "Famous Unsolved Murder Mysteries," and "Aphrodisiacs and "Anti-aphrodisiacs." If it were not for defiling the pages of THE GRAIL dozens of his non-lurid titles might be printed here. His kind of accuracy is seen from his reference to Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen as "the Jesuit journalist." His desire for the true side of a question is seen from the fact that he answers a question about the teaching of the Catholic Church on Hell not from a Catholic source, but from J. W. Poynter, who writes on Catholic doctrine as "one who *was*" a Catholic. His cleverness is revealed in the insertion of a question in his newspaper: "What's the Pope's telephone number?" As though any reader would be interested. And the answer: "Vat 69." One absurdity equals it—the love pact between Hitler and the Holy Father.

**O**N PAGE 384 of this issue of THE GRAIL is a telling incident that such filth-hawkers would do well to read. But if they did so, they would probably find room in their columns for a few more blasphemies against the God who grants them life and time to retract their lies. The disgusting blasphemies against the Holy Ghost and the Holy Eucharist in a recent publication make us marvel that even God can be so patient—and the American public so tolerant.

Ordinarily these blows below the belt are condemned by our Catholic publications, ignored without notice. That is all they deserve. But of late the question has been asked so frequently how it has been possible for anti-Catholic organizations to dominate the people in countries



*Introducing, for the first time, the Trump family, who will trump your heart with a flush.*

**T**OMMY Trump who was just one week within his life of being full ten years in this beautiful world of ours, sat in the middle of the sidewalk on Union Street, gazed at life through two shiners, and wondered what hit him. Two scurrying ragamuffins, it seemed to him, had taken the ten years off his life, and were now making way with the theft down Can Alley behind Macy's Saloon. It was easy to conjecture who these two ruffians were. One, to be sure, was Stinky Batsen, who sat behind in school and made

spit-balls for purposes that could have made Leagues of Nations doubt the reason for their coming together, and the other, to conjecture would be merely to conjecture, could have been any one of the thirty Six-Graders that poured out of Sister Mary Joseph's diocese before the 3:30 bell had a chance to ring three minutes late again.

There was nothing to forewarn him that he would run onto his Nemesis on Union Street in the broad daylight. In fact, the tacks that he had poured over Stinky's seat, al-

though they could not have been called peace-provoking, had nevertheless, proved to be quite stimulating to the general enjoyment of all, even Stinky, for the latter displayed even more enthusiasm in his wadded warring when with vengeance he turned his tubular gun at Tommy and blew taps past his mark all over Sister Mary Joseph's blackboard.

Sister Mary Joseph, a scholar of no little erudition, had been of late years failing in eyesight, so that such goings-on regularly puzzled her. She could never understand how

that are largely Catholic. The Church has been persecuted in Italy, Mexico, Spain, Germany, and seems soon to be in Austria, all countries with large Catholic populations. We ought to remember that if enough mud is thrown some is sure to stick. In America the liberty of the press has been abused to the extent of permitting anyone to formulate the most insane conclusions about the Church and to broadcast them over the land. The result is a distorted

and often completely false notion of the Church in the minds of our people—and hence when strife and persecution come, as come they must, we hear our fellow-citizens shout, perhaps in good faith, "Crush the infamous thing."

**O**UR Catholic Press and Catholic people need never apologize for publishing what the Church is doing for human needs; everywhere is evidence in the hospitals, orphan-

ages, institutions for delinquents, homes for the aged, Good Shepherd houses for fallen women, schools and universities. If the smoke screen of falsehood raised by the anti-Catholic publications could be cleared away, our fair minded Americans would see in the hospitals and schools of Religious, not hot-beds of vice and immorality, not un-American and anti-American arsenals, but tireless dispensers of mercy and of the only true education.

the plaster managed to ooze through hard slate and stand out in black relief like so many little warts. More mysteriously than ever did the blackboard perform this phenomenon the day Stinky spelled his pseudonym with such precision that even good Sister Mary Joseph harbored a faint suspicion that perhaps everything in Denmark wasn't Danish.

To say that Sister Mary Joseph had lost control of the ship and was going down with it would be to know little or nothing of Captain Mary Joseph, the port she had in mind, and the crew she had aboard. For Sister Mary Joseph had an unusual slant on boys and their doings and knew full well that many little atoms are in need of a lot of shaping. In this she was ready to admit that Original sin had much to do with little atoms being such atoms as they are, for she was wont time and again to move said atoms by her frequent admonitions to the communion table at Saint Andrew's Parish, and by her intelligible logic she could penetrate the brainpan of sixth-grade boyhood said to be capable of comprehending why little atoms should get on their knees before and after bed.

The old Monsignor was wont to open his mouth with exhaled awe at the name of Sister Mary Joseph on the lips of another. Invariably, he would say: "Ah, a saint! Sure, and if there ever was one, a saint." For the good old priest had many a time succumbed to eavesdropping under Sister's transom to hear the beautiful truths of Faith come through in a form so simple and unaffected, so childlike and clear that he would often shake his head and wonder if Saint Thomas could have done any better. . . .

**B**UT Tommy Trump, as he sat on Union Street feeling like what was left over from dinner, looked like anything but one who had dieted on the *Summa Theologica*. Slowly, he gathered together some of the roughage that was once the Tommy Trump to whom Sister Mary Joseph had said, "You are a bright lad, Tommy—" and then added, "sometimes!" and he then moved over to Macy's Saloon, which offered a little shade and plenty beer.

At an acute angle, he leaned against Macy's, which was a brick-bony wreck of a building that sat for too many years in the clenching hope of remaining perpendicular with Union Street; and to say the least, his ungodly stance did look *italicized*.

With blackened eyes he leaned, plotting, but the Union Street before him was no longer before him. All he could see now was that everything and more had gone wrong that day, from getting caught in the morning at trying to pass off on his mother a dampened toothbrush for the real thing, to getting a beating from Stinky in the evening.

Tommy did not see Mrs. Willsway, as she passed Macy's on the opposite side of the street and took in his slouch and the smell of beer everywhere, for, since it is known and appreciated in certain circles, Mrs. Willsway is notorious for walking past Macy's and taking in slouches and immediately reporting her tours to headquarters and to any other willing listener.

Tommy finally trudged on, his books swinging heavily from the same rope at which he and Laddie were wont to tug lustily.

Laddie met him at the walk, gave him a smile, a welcoming tongue in the hand, and a hop and jump back on the porch, as though to tell him in his dog manner that "this is the place, remember?"

Tommy remembered, and the sight that he felt he was made him wonder if others would ever forget. Only now was he beginning to realize that there were things in this world besides shinny and boxing that could make one feel simply awful.

**I**T MUST have been that something which Sister Mary Joseph had called Providence that brought Grandma to the door to be the first to gasp, for she was his special protectress in a household of three brothers and a spoiled sister. It was a little early in the afternoon for three brothers and a spoiled sister to have arrived for the evening repast and then out again, but it also seemed Providential that this had turned out to be just the evening when Mr. Trump would "happen to get away from business a little earlier than I had expected."

"Shhhhh," said Grandmother. "Your Father's home, and we know all about it. Now don't worry, dear, Grandma will stand by."

It did not take Grandma to tell Tommy that Pop was home and knew all about it, for there was a parental walking-up-and-down going on the next room, and something being said about having begotten an offspring who hangs around saloons hoping a fight will turn up. "Thomas!" was the climatic bellow.

"Now, Tom, don't lose yourself in the heat of things," warned Mrs. Trump, who was bravely bearing to be in the same room.

Tommy went in. "Let me smell your breath, young man, and no lying!"

"Now, Tom," said Grandmother. "You keep out of this, Mother. Does my own Mother have to be mother-in-law, too?"

Mr. Trump bent to a very un-Trump position to have Tommy blow the breath of truth at him.

"Well, at least he hasn't been drinking."

Grandmother sighed with relief, what with such a report as that which came over a hot and buzzing wire to Mr. Trump, even Grandmother's faith in Tommy had been shaken. "See there," she said, as though the whole matter should be cleared up now and forever.

"What's the big idea of all this? Look at yourself! Is that what the Sisters are teaching you?"

"Tom!" gasped Grandmother, who was every bone a limp for Catholicism. "How could you say such a thing in the presence of your son?"

"And furthermore," added Mrs. Trump, "Macy's is a Tavern. Saloons went out with bustles and the buggy."

"I don't care what they went out with! Everybody calls Macy's a saloon, and the people who stand around there look like salooners and smell like breweries. And my son—Say something, young man. Can't you talk?"

"B-but—" began Tommy, who was a philosopher at heart and always began with causes rather than effects, "they were such little tacks, and wads hurt worse, ennyway."

Mr. Trump must have pulled at

his skin, for there was no hair on his head. "Tacks and what?" he shouted.

"No, tacks and wads," corrected Tommy.

"Wads?"

"Sure, in the bean-shooter."

"The bean-shooter?"

"Sure, all over Sister's blackboard," returned Tommy, who was politely making his sentences short, so that Mr. Trump could easily annihilate them with a paragraph. But Mr. Trump couldn't grasp anything to annihilate.

"Listen here, young man, are you purposely trying to baffle your Father?"

"No, I was jest—"

"Well, don't jest then!... These tacks—what about these tacks?"

"Stinky sat on them."

"And just what has Stinky Batsen sitting on tacks got to do with you looking and acting like a bum?"

"I put them there," Tommy finished logically.

"Ugh," said Mr. Trump, who knew more about fishing in Canada than fishing from his son. "You—you put them— But, I say, *where* did you put them?"

"On the seat, Pop."

"On th— Oh— Martha!" exclaimed Mr. Trump, exhausted.

"Now, Tom," said his wife, "you're too excited."

"Excited— excited you call me! Do you realize that Mr. Batsen at the present time is buying just enough canned goods from me to put three meals on our table a day? And to think that of all the boys in America to-day my son has to pick his son to put tacks under!!!"

"Oh, Tom, you exaggerate," said Mrs. Trump.

"I don't exaggerate, Martha. It's Batsen who exaggerates, and he's the type of man who would bring personal grievances into business with a vengeance... Well, young man, just to give you a taste of what we'll all be doing when your Father has to close up his factory, you go straight to your room without a sniff of supper. And don't talk back!"

**T**HERE was little chance for Tommy talking back. He found it even impossible to formulate an answer. He was all questions, many

unanswered questions about tacks, and bums, and how they were all going to keep three meals off the family table. "Hello, Grandma," he smiled to his ambushed Grandmother.

"Shhhh," said Grandmother, "you go on up to your room, and when things cool off Grandma will bring you up something nice, all fancy on a big tray."

"Gee," said Tommy, who was now all eyes and no memory.

But Tommy felt simply awful, there being no bone of him that did not re-telegraph to his tired mind the incident of two ragamuffins mopping up Union Street with him. But when he finally got to bed and lay quite peacefully, his eyes turned to the crucifix on the wall where his Master hung bleeding with arms outstretched; it was then that he realised with all his ten-years-minus-one-week that, after all, he was quite fortunate.

Then, like a jack released from a box, he leaped and rolled out on his knees. Strange as it seemed to him, for it was only four o'clock, he was putting up for the night, and when little fellows, as well as big fellows, put up for the night, it is cricket, as only Sister Mary Joseph could have pointed out with such lasting effect, for fellows to sum up the day for the Lord, Who is usually so busy summing up for their who fail to do their summing up themselves, that any assistance little people give Him is so appreciated that the Lord never fails to bless them. So, Tommy summed up:

"Really, Lord, I didn't want the tacks to go in too far... Well, kind of far, but not too far... And bless Pop and Ma, and Grandma so she kin sneak up with the tray... And then, there's Stinky... Well, you know how wads sting, Lord? They hurt more than tacks, I bet!... And don't let Pop's factory close down so we won't git a sniff to eat anymore, 'cause I bet it would kill ma if she ever stopped cookin'!..."

**O**N FIRST sight, Tommy's prayers were having little effect, for what had been steam from Mr. Trump was now ice-packed emotion covered with frigid silence and a death-stare at the door. It was as

sure as the Trinity to Mr. Trump that it would take merely a matter of minutes until Mr. Batsen would get home, hear the story, and dash madly Trump-ward.

The door shook in its frame, and Mr. Trump jumped to save it.

"So, there you are, you sneak!" addressed Mr. Batsen, giving the door little time to swing fore. "What do you mean by your son putting tacks under my Harold?"

"Mr. Batsen..." began Mr. Trump.

"Don't evade the point, Trump. Those tacks cost me ninety cents— ninety cents of mustard-plaster; What do you think of that?"

"I think it's most unfortunate."

"That's not the way to think. What are you going to *do* about it?"

Mr. Trump went down into his pocket and extracted a dollar. "I say, here you are, old fellow, and keep the change. It's on the Trump house."

"And furthermore," returned Mr. Batsen, making a Grand Finale, "you can cancel my orders; and quit sending me sale announcements. I won't be needing them."

"But, Mr. Batsen—!"

"Come on, Harold," he called.

"Harold?" inquired Mr. Trump. "I didn't see him."

"Harold," recalled Mr. Batsen.

"Harold," called Mr. Trump.

"**HAROLD!**" boomed Mr. Batsen, dashing through the door past Mr. Trump and the living-room. "So, you've let him get lost in here!" he said, bloating like yeast. "Where is he? Man, I demand where is he!"

"I don't know, Mr. Batsen. I—"

A sudden thundering began overhead. It seemed to Mr. Trump—who knew how the hardwood floors sounded when they were being inlaid—that someone was tacking down linoleum upstairs. There followed a sudden, mutual glance and a simultaneous reflex action that turned both in the direction of the stairs.

Mr. Trump, knowing his stairs better, reached the top first and dashed into Tommy's room with Mr. Batsen on his heels.

"In you go, old tack!" declared emphatic Tommy to a block of wood that swallowed tacks as fast as he could hammer.



"In you go, old tack!" repeated Harold, as he sat up tacks in regimental formation along the smoothly finished floor and made them sink into wooden trenches.

"Rat-tat-tat!" said Tommy.

"Rat-tat-tat!" answered Harold.

"So!" interrupted Mr. Trump. "You're tacking again."

"Lookit, Dad," said Harold, "Tommy was jest showin' me how much tacks don't hurt. Lookit, fifty tacks in the old block and she ain't split yet!"

"Thomas, get up from there!" shouted Mr. Trump.

"But, lookit, Pop, we ain't sore," said Tommy.

"Did you hear Mr. Trump, Harold. Get up!.... Oh, I'm so sorry, old man! Will it be much expense—I mean the floors?"

"More than a dollar mustard-plaster, Batsen," returned Mr. Trump, who could now appreciate the offensive.

"B—but," stammered Mr. Batsen, counting aloud, "one, two, three—I can only count four."

"Gee, lookit this!" said Tommy,

who pulled back a small rug ceremoniously and unveiled what appeared to be an inlaid plague etched with shining tack-heads that sat innocently even with the floor and served to spell S-T-I-N-K-Y in large, glittering letters.

"Now we're all even," boasted Harold Stinky Batsen. "Pop hadda take tacks outta me, an' now Tommy's Dad's gotta take tacks outta his floor."

"Sure," said the plotter Tommy. "Now nobuddy's sore anymore."

Mr. Trump, who was trying to make a meal out of his tongue, chewed it, stuck it in his cheek, pulled it out again, and then almost swallowed it. He could understand the stock-market, so difficult a concoction as a merger, how money begets offspring when Capitalists breed it, why the Boston Tea Party was not a monopoly—but the fact that tacks in his hardwood floor signified that everything was going to be Cherry Blossom Time from now on did not convince him in the least! He was dumbfounded, until Mr. Batsen chuckled:

"Hah-hah," said Mr. Batsen with a fellowship on the back that made Mr. Trump aware he had teeth in his mouth. "Don't look so glum, old man. Let's talk this thing over man-to-man."

"Sure, Pop," helped Tommy. "Sister Mary Joseph says ya gotta fergive before the sun goes down, 'cause if ya don't, it'll cost ya plenty on judgment day."

Mr. Batsen, who was always impressed with the cost of things and how to get more for less, inquired: "Who is this Sister What's Her Name? Ever meet her, Trump? Quite an influence, it seems."

"Yes, an expensive influence," said Mr. Trump, beginning to chuckle at a joke somewhere.

"Hah-hah," returned Mr. Batsen, as they both turned to leave. "Have a cigar, old man."

"Tacks to you, Batsie-Boy! Believe I will."

"Hah-hah-hah-hah-hah—haruph." "It worked!" exclaimed Stinky.

"Sure," said Tommy. "Grown folks is jest like us, on'y they got bigger words."

# GOSPEL MOVIES

BY P.K.



"LAZARUS, come forth."  
—St. John 11.43.

## DINNER FOR ONE

LAZARUS was dead. A large stone sealed the tomb where his body, sheathed in a winding sheet, was awaiting its resurrection. Where was his soul? Was it keeping its four-day vigil beside the lifeless body in order to be on hand when Jesus, the bringer of life, would command him (body and soul): "Lazarus come forth?" Lazarus heard the life-giving command and obeyed. "He came forth, bound feet and hands with winding bands." Then the Master of life and death gave His second command: "Loose him, and let him go."

Jesus is still raising souls, dead in original or personal sin, to the life of sanctifying grace, but only if the soul be willing. He bids His representatives on earth loose the bands of sin, so that the vivified soul may walk to eternal life. The winding sheet of death, darkness and corruption, is replaced by the swathing band of life, light and immortality.

Though swathed in bands, Lazarus, at the word of the Master, could still walk to the door of the tomb. Although enveloped completely in Christ's death-knitted robe of sanctifying grace, man's soul still retains its power of motion towards or away from God—its free will. Grace helps to eternal life, but it does not hinder eternal death. Man must choose life or death. He does so by every action performed by the right use or the abuse of God's supernatural help. Grace becomes a guarantee of eternal life and future glory only if used, as Lazarus did his newfound life, to weld our heart ever more closely to the Author of all grace and life.

# Should WOMEN have JOBS?

by FREDERICK W. FRIES



I AM sure you have never seen a squirrel try to fly, or a robin try to climb a tree. In nature there is harmony: everything occupies its proper place—the place God destined for it in His eternal plan. Otherwise, there could only be confusion and discord.

Woman was made to be the helpmate of man. Her place, from time immemorial, has been considered the home; her work, the rearing of children and the conduct of a happy family life. That, in general, was God's plan. But, by some strange perversion, woman has suddenly gotten the idea that for six milleniums she has been occupying the wrong place; that her place is not the home at all; that she ought to go out and work for herself, and be economically independent. Her place, she argues, is beside the man—not behind him.

But, after all, who ever said that men were any better than women? The point is not that one sex is superior to the other, but that they are different. Each has an entirely different place to fill in the world. A coal miner is not one whit more capable of taking a housewife's place than she is of taking his. But women insisted they were being mistreated, so they started a sort of revolution. This feminine rebellion against I-don't-know-what has found expression in the eternally prolonged Women's Emancipation Movement. In no country has it been more pronounced than in our own democratic America.

The spark that set off the Emancipation conflagration was, doubtless, the entrance of women into industrial life. It has been a potent factor ever since. And this is how it all started.

In colonial America the women spent a great deal of their time in the two processes of spinning and weaving. The products were, of course, primarily intended for the household itself. When extra money was needed, however, the housewife would do a little work on the side for her friends and neighbors.

There was nothing reprehensible about that. But gradually the horizon broadened. Business sharks began to hire women to weave and spin for them in their homes on a commission basis. Large rooms were fitted out with hand looms. Already in these steps one can see faint glimmerings of the nefarious factory system that was to rear its ugly head around the turn of the century.

In 1814 something occurred that was to mark a focal point in industrial history. That year saw the construction of the first power loom—at Waltham Massachusetts. Many others followed throughout New England, with such rapidity, indeed, that in six years textile manufacturing became a definite industry.

Those women who had come to depend on domestic weaving for a great deal of their livelihood, found the factories offering goods at half the price they had to charge for it. Competition would have been out of the question.

The new factories, moreover, with their semi-automatic machines, created a demand for a new type of labor. Slaves, even though available, were unfitted to operate the delicate machinery, and free men were either too busy with agriculture or altogether unwilling to work for the nominal fees the factories offered. Free women, on the other hand, were ideally suited.

Though they were, by reason of their domestic labors, as much *workers* as men (more so, perhaps), they had never before, generally speaking, worked for wages. So any remuneration they might get for working in the *manufactories* seemed to them pure gain. Of course, they were soon disillusioned. But it was too late. Women employment was definitely *in*.

Factories rose up with weed-like rapidity, and the demand for women in industry increased in stride. Already in 1827, it is estimated, in the six Lowell cotton mills nine-tenths of the employees were women.

With the coming of industrial competition, employers thought it time to start cutting wages. The cuts were usually drastic, often twenty-five percent.

During the early thirties many strikes were organized; and the women marched in colorful, if not effective, parades protesting the injustice of greedy employers.

As the years went by, women began to realize as much as the men that industry was no place for them. The home was their place, in general, and the home needed them. However, just when it seemed that the evil might be nipped in the bud, something unforeseen occurred; and the demand for women employment broke out afresh.

In the early sixties came the call to battle and with it a new influx of women into the factories to fill the places of the soldiers. The Civil War, besides creating an increased number of vacancies, afforded a greater variety of jobs.

When the smoke of the battle-field lifted, thousands were left widowed or fatherless; and so, economic necessity forced them to hold their jobs.

In the gay nineties, women were still being paid a mere five cents an hour in most industries. Two important inventions had given a new impetus to their employment—the telephone and the typewriter.

Curiously enough, women were not employed in the telephone exchanges from the very beginning. Boys and young men were tried at first, but proved unsatisfactory. The women seemed more likely. They were more polite and patient; their voices carried better.

Then there was clerical work. Women were found to be possessed of a slightly greater degree of finger dexterity, and could, allegedly, run the "new-fangled" office machines with more proficiency. They were, and still are, supposed to be somewhat neater than the men; but this point is a matter of eternal dispute. (It is rather striking to note that, for some unscientific reason or other, all the great court stenographers today are men). Suffice it to say that women invaded and gradually took over all the telephone exchanges and office buildings in the country. Women stenographers soon outnumbered the men fifteen to one.

Then, of course, came the World War and the identical situation occasioned by the national conflict fifty years before. Jobs were left open. They had to be filled. The burden fell on the women.

The World War offered a greater variety of jobs than ever before. Women entered into fields where angels feared to tread. They were successful, and were paid accordingly.

Naturally, when the war was over, women exercised squatters' rights, and held on to their jobs. Such an attitude left a lot of men out in the rain.

And there are a great many men still out in the rain today. Though the years of depression have served to bring many women to a saner attitude, women employment is still a great problem.

IT WOULD be difficult, I admit, to refute the fact that more than one modern industry owes its success to women employment since the War. It would be difficult to prove that men are just as efficient as women in one job or another. Yet, even though feminine success in industry seems so assured, that fact does in no wise prove that industry is woman's rightful place. The consequences argue otherwise.

First of all, let us view for a moment and economic results of women employment. So deeply and determinedly have women left their mark in the industrial world that they are in open competition with men for positions that are in no sense suitable for the weaker sex. Some types of jobs they have completely monopolized. Has not this usurpation some connection with our present unemployment situation?

Another economic argument is this one. The custom under which women are paid less wages than men has served to drag down the whole wage scale. Men are penalized as much as they. According to *Business Week*, even in very recent years, Connecticut needlework sweat-shops paid women and girl employees as low as a dollar a week.

Setting aside the economic arguments against women employment, we find the social and moral results even more serious. There is reason to believe that three of the greatest evils of our day—divorce, birth control, and juvenile delinquency can be traced, to a very serious degree, to women employment.

CERTAINLY, every rule has its exceptions. It would be obviously unreasonable to assert that in absolutely no contingency should women be permitted to hold jobs. Wives and mothers widowed by some cruel stroke of misfortune have no alternative but to work, especially where the father has left behind him a home full of little ones. Also those whose husbands have been disabled by accident or war. Such cases deserve our pity, indeed, and our assistance. However, by far the majority of women in industry today are not there because of economic necessity. They do not belong there.

One author contends that women are now merely doing jobs out of the home that they once did in the home. They have carried their tasks, he says, out of the unorganized society of the home into the organized society of twentieth-century industrialism. They used to teach their own children; now they teach somebody else's. The woman who cooked and served her family's meals now cooks and serves somebody else's family's, and so on. But that, after all, is the worst result of the industrial revolution. It has taken women out of the home. It has de-domesticated them. The results I have shown above.

But today women are so deeply rooted in industry—so much a part of it—that only a social reformation of a very radical nature, I fear, can change the condition. Perhaps it can be effected gradually. Perhaps the law must come into play. At all events, the return of women, in general, from the factory and office-building to the home and the family would do an incalculable good for American economic and social life.

# Reading the NEWS

Hilary DeJean, O. S. B.

## Control, Control!

**C**ONTROL is the new order of the day. Yet it is not new. It is as old as history. Today, however, it is taking on new aspects. In a certain sense, we can see in this tendency to exercise control the fundamental issue between the Creator and his rebellious creature. "I am the Lord thy God; thou shalt not have strange gods before me." God is Lord and Master; this He asserts repeatedly in Holy Scripture. This prerogative, which belongs solely to the Creator, is one which above all He is jealous of. When man seeks to preempt for himself this function which belongs solely to God, he begins to do what Lucifer set out to do: "Set his throne above that of the Almighty." Lucifer met immediate disaster. So also will disaster come to him who arrogates to himself this power, who seeks to make a god of himself.

Throughout the world, and also in our own country, there are very manifest signs that the minds of men are turning ever more towards this matter of control of their environment, of their lives, of their destinies. We see it in a hundred ways. Some seem innocent—even virtuous—superficially; some are downright sinful and direct violations of the order and law which God has put into His creation.

By giving man the ability to make scientific discoveries, God has allowed a certain amount of control over the laws of nature to pass into the hands of man. But this control is to be used only within the limitation of God's laws. So also has God delegated a visible share in His authority in controlling the lives and destinies to rulers of states. Again, these rulers are bound by the limitations of God's expressed will. As long as man makes a proper use of

these controls, all will be well; but when man in his pride and selfishness arrogates to himself the very ruling power of God Himself, then destruction is imminent.

## Over Life

**G**OD THE Creator is first to be acknowledged as Master of life and death. He alone wills to exercise this power; wilful murder therefore is one of the greatest crimes—one that cries to heaven for vengeance. For the sake of the common good, He does allow the state to take the life of one who has made himself a menace to the public weal. But this is not to be an arbitrary act, or an act arising out of the passion and ambition of one ruler or set of rulers. It must be an act of fair and impartial judgment.

Look at Russia today. Since the enthronement of that godless government human life has not been safe for any individual or group. For the most trivial act of negligence in industry or in the discipline imposed on all the enslaved citizens, one is liable to meet a violent death. The governing body there has set itself up in place of God and asserts for itself the very power and control belonging to Him alone.

## Over Details of Life

**T**URN NEXT to what is called the totalitarian states, where dictators rule. There you will find other examples of enslavement under the control of men who have unjustly arrogated to themselves almost divine prerogatives. In Germany we see the eye and the hand of the government stretching out into the very homes, into the very hearts and souls of the people. They are commanded under horrid penalties to do just as their dictator tells them as to what

they may say or do or think. No one is allowed to have even a thought of his own. Freedom of the press, of speech, of conscience is absolutely gone. The Lord God of all is completely out of the scheme of things; the government is the new god.

To one who understands how necessary it is for governments and nations to obey the laws of God; who knows that when these laws are disregarded disaster inevitably must follow, the spectacle presented by these countries is appalling.

## Over the Beginning of Life

**N**OW WE are getting close to ourselves; we are at home, where millions of men and women are making our own epoch a foul and darksome period by the crime of birth control. And herein they are being aided by what is considered scientific methods, but which are in fact only false science, which in very truth are but the methods of an extensive racket. *Fortune* magazine recently published the results of a survey of the racket, which disclosed that the users of contraceptives spend \$250,000,000 annually for devices manufactured and marketed by frauds. A profit of \$74,000,000 is realized by the manufacturers alone.

The *Ladies Home Journal* for March publishes the results of a nation-wide survey among the women of America about birth control. Having in mind that the practice of birth control is a crime against God and nature, we should be appalled at the figures which resulted from this survey. The Journal claims that it has ascertained the mind of the women of America. If so, according to the survey, 79 per cent of our women are in favor of birth control, while only 21 per cent are against it.

Although these figures present a



very sorry picture indeed, there is another fact brought out in the survey which, to us, should be still more appalling. The women approached are next divided as regards their religious affiliations; our Catholic women have declared themselves. Keeping in mind that, no doubt, all these Catholic women have been privately and publicly instructed as to this matter in the mind of God and His Church, what do we find their answer to be? It is that 51 per cent are in favor of birth control, while 49 per cent are against it. Therefore, over half the Catholic women asked have expressed themselves in direct defiance of a very grave law of God.

Yet there is not much to surprise one in these startling figures. Who has not had the experience of being in a group of Catholic women and hearing them, almost without exception, when speaking of another who is to become a mother, begin the recital of the news with "Isn't it too bad; Poor thing; How awful"?

Some of us can still remember the day when an addition to the family was spoken of reverently as an added blessing; when the parents of a large family were looked upon as people especially favored by Almighty God. Now another child (usually an accident for not being "careful") is considered a catastrophe; parents of a large family are sympathized with as people who are dogged by bad luck.

#### Over Death

IT IS a fact that man can take into his foolish hands the control over many things in nature and in life. But hardly any sane man will dare to dispute the power and sway of death, the universal curse which the Creator has spoken over all the children of sinning Adam. Writers of fiction have, of course, played with the thought and have created characters and situations wherein the immortality from which we are all barred is imagined as possible. We find these stories amusing and intriguing, even though we know them for the pure fiction that they are.

Comes now to our hands the *Forum* for March, and in it we find an article which is not at all intended to be fiction, not at all meant to serve for our amusement, but, no

doubt, written in all seriousness. If it were not for the very earnest tone of the writer, one might think it all a hoax. Such is not the case. The title is a flat statement, contradicting all that human experience has known, contradicting, too, the pronouncement of God Himself that "it is given to all men once to die." The title is "Death Is not a Necessity." With the smug assurance which the discoveries and research for scientists have given him, the author makes a specious combination out of the realm of psychology, physiology, and biology in order to posit the statement that at a time in the distant future man shall thereby have achieved immortality. The tone of the article is impious, if not blasphemous, and a flat contradiction of revealed truth. This is his concluding paragraph:

"My point then: Who dares to say that he knows the horizon or context of nature, as it is manifest in our respondent bodies? No one should dare such a blasphemy (sic). I warn, therefore, science, scientists, and their lay well-wishers (whose support is absolutely necessary) away from the dogmatic blindness which says that bodies must live on their present-day schedule, that illness is necessary, and that death is a blessing. What dispensation is it that has revealed nature to them in her entirety? We have some posers for the overconfident, pessimistic dogmatists. We have loosened the fixity of the life span just a little. Tomorrow, if the forces of research unite and are amply supported by the billions which now go into destruction, it may turn out to be much. Let us try it bravely. The new horizons are richer than our very hopes."

Turn from this stuff to the writing of a really great scientist, Alexius Carrel, who in his profound book, "Man the Unknown," humbly, as becomes a true scientist, admits the limitations of modern science in discovering the true nature of man, and especially in its inability to lay down fixed laws and positive dicta concerning man in general. This is true because man is not a mere biochemical machine, as false science would like to have him. Man is not only a member of the animal king-

dom; he has a soul which is the image of God. And this soul acts on the body, while the body in turn reacts on the soul. Each man, having an individual soul, having therefore an individual personality, subject to individual environments and soul-experiences, must of necessity be different from his fellows. You can classify men to some extent, but there can be no final, rigid classification. Hence St. Benedict, in his profound wisdom, directs the Abbot in his Rule to study earnestly to adapt himself to the capacities and personalities of each individual under his care.

#### Over Crops and the Weather

WHAT shall we say now about the farm bill which has recently been passed? Certainly we will not ascribe to our lawmakers the vast presumption of taking into their hands and passing on to Mr. Wallace the prerogatives of God Almighty. Yet many commentators on the bill have been quite wise in suggesting the futility of trying to regulate artificially what in the end we must leave to nature and to the God who constantly controls nature, who gives and withholds the rain and the sun, the cold and the heat, fertility and barrenness.

Truly it has a strange ring, this saying that one man can foresee as far as one year ahead the needs of the millions in our vast country as well as the demands of those abroad who might come to us to buy; to foresee all this, and then besides to be endowed with the prophetic powers of knowing thus far ahead just how things which have been planted and sowed are going to find the proper conditions in the variegated sections of our great country to minister to their growth.

Did not we have an A A A once, which was to remedy all the vicissitudes of this sort? And did we not that very summer, suffer one of the worst droughts in our history?

Holy Scripture in certain places represents God as smiling and laughing. The figure is as apt today as it was then, when God in His infinite wisdom views the foolish presumptions of man, who is so limited and weak, and yet would take over what belongs to God alone—Providence.



# ARE MONKS DYING OUT?

*Maurus Ohligslager, O. S. B.*

**S**IR WALTER SCOTT'S monks of the Friar Tuck type, depicted in the Waverly novels, are the only monks that a great many people know. These people think of monks as fossils of medieval times; for them, mostly persons outside the fold of the Church, to meet a clean shaven, twentieth century monk would be a distinct shock. Catholics know there are monks living today. Many of them vision them in a few far off, out of the way places in the Old World; at least some of them think they are dying out because outmoded, and not suited to the tempo of the present day. A glance at some statistics should be enlightening to both these classes of people and, perhaps, to some of our better informed Catholics as well.

During the Ages of Faith monks were numerous. It is estimated that at the beginning of the fourteenth century the Benedictine Order numbered 37,000 monasteries. (We shall consider only the Black Monks of St. Benedict. For the scope of this article their statistics represent monasticism sufficiently well, and we can get from them an idea of the whole subject.

In the sixteenth century, the so-called Reformation and other contemporaneous causes reduced the number of Abbeys to about 5,000. They still further decreased under this impetus until there were scarcely more than fifty monasteries at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Quite a drop from more than 37,000 to fifty. Thus Dom Cyprian Alson writing in the Catholic Encyclopedia.

In England at one time there were three hundred Benedictine Abbeys, and she destroyed

them all. Thirteen Abbots and five hundred monks were killed during the reign of Henry VIII and Elizabeth. There remained only one Benedictine in the entire land; through him two priests were invested with the habit of the Order and thus its continuity has been preserved to this day.

During the last century a noteworthy revival set in. According to the official directory of the Benedictines, *S. Patriarchae Benedicti Familiae Confederatae*, 1935 edition, in 1880 there were 2765 monks; in 1898, 4949; in 1910, 6457; in 1925, 8170; in 1930, 9070; and in 1935, 10,356. From these statistics we see not only are monks not dying out but they are steadily increasing. Of these 10,356 monks there are 7968 Priests and Brothers, and 2388 clerics, novices and postulants; thus indicating that the Order normally will continue to grow in the near future. Where there are a goodly number of novices, there is life and growth. The Directory gives the number of monasteries as 190 in all parts of the world.

Benedictines are grouped into Congregations, mostly formed on national lines, as the English Congregation, the French Congregation, the Bavarian Congregation, and so on. In America, however, there are two Congregations: the American-Cassinense, and the Swiss-American. What about these monasteries? Can monasticism thrive in the business and scientific atmosphere of a country like the United States?

The first Benedictines came to our country in 1846; in 1880 there were 380; in 1898, 902; in 1905, 1101; in 1920, 1432; in 1930, 1674; and in

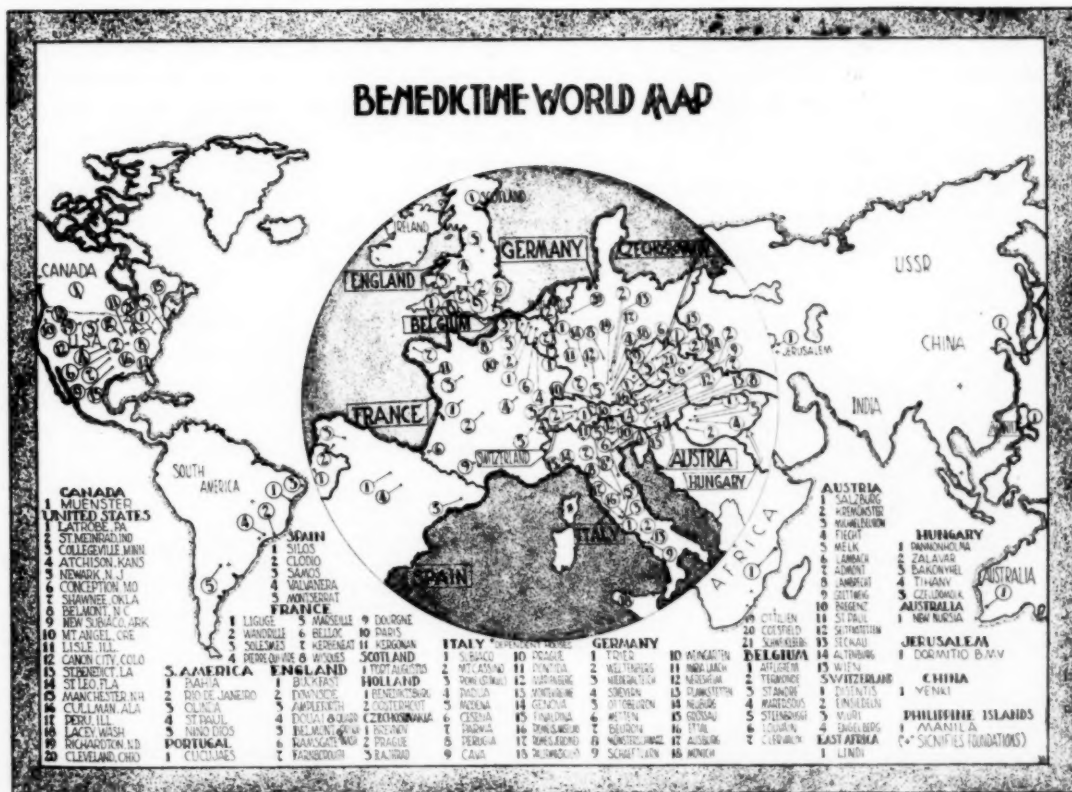
1935, 1831; today there are about 2000. The number of Abbeys in the United States is twenty, located in all parts of the country. Besides working in their Abbeys, Benedictines enlarge their field of Labor through schools, parishes, and missions. In 1924 several American secular priests, after becoming monks, started St. Anselm's Priory, Washington, D.C., and joined the English Congregation. The growth of the Order in America compares favorably with that of other countries where it has centuries of tradition behind it; in fact monks are increasing just about as fast here as in any other country.

According to the Directory there are among the Benedictines two Cardinals, four Archbishops, twelve Bishops, one Abbot Primate, twelve Abbots Nullius, thirteen Abbot Presidents, one hundred and twenty-five Reigning and Coadjutor Abbots, two Prefects Apostolic, twenty-four Conventual and Cathedral Priors, and two Rectors of Colleges in Rome. Of the

two cardinals, one is His Eminence Justinian Seredi, Primate of Hungary, created in 1928; the other, His Eminence Ildephonse Schuster, Archbishop of Milan, elevated to the cardinalate in 1929. The Abbot Primate is the Rt. Rev. Fidelis de Stotzingen, who resides at the international Benedictine College of San Anselmo in Rome. He became Primate in 1913, and was reelected for the second time last year.

Benedictine Abbeys today are found all over the world. They are established in Austria, Argentine, Australia, Belgium, Brazil, Canada, Czechoslovakia, England, France, Germany, Holland, Hungary, Italy, Korea, Luxemburg, Manchukuo, Palestine, Philippine Islands, Portugal, Scotland, Spain, Switzerland, Tanganyika, Trinidad, and the United States of America.

Not only are the Benedictine monks growing in their old homes, but they are spreading out in many lands. Foundations were recently established in Ireland and in Japan. In 1924 in



Manila, P.I., the foundation of the Blessed Virgin Mary was raised to an Abbey. The Fathers conduct there a flourishing college of some six hundred and fifty students. In China there is an Abbey and several are in the process of development. Benedictines are working in Poland, and were recently in Mexico. In South America the Order is showing signs of growth after years of apparent standstill; in Jerusalem the Beuron Congregation has established Dormition Abbey. There are also a Priory and a College there conducted by the Benedictines. On the other hand the Abbeys in Spain have been hard hit; the famous Abbey of Monserrat, located near Barcelona has been closed, not however, destroyed. The outlook for the monasteries in Germany and possibly in Austria because of Nazi strictures is none too bright.

The Benedictine Order is not only working in Catholic countries and in the older civilized lands, but is active in mission fields. In our country the monks are spreading the light of the Faith among the Indians and Negroes. Missionary work is being done in Africa, Asia, and elsewhere; the line of the heralds of the cross is far flung beyond continents to distant islands, and little known lands. One of the Congregations, that of St. Ottilien, Germany, is distinctly a missionary organization, that has 1204 monks directly or indirectly engaged in the foreign mission apostolate. It recently

opened a house in this country in Newton, N. J., and is growing fast.

The Directory also states that there are 5385 Benedictine Nuns or Sisters in the United States, and 16,385 in the whole world.

From these statistics it is evident that monks are growing in numbers and are adapting themselves well to the changing times, not only in the world at large, but also in the United States. With this numerical increase there has naturally followed an enlargement of their exterior activities. It might be mentioned in this connection that this magazine, *THE GRAIL*, published by the monks of St. Meinrad's Abbey, St. Meinrad, Indiana, is one among many of these activities. With this exterior revival are the monks neglecting their interior sanctification? Are there saints hidden in the cloisters, as there were during the Ages of Faith? Whether they are pursuing personal holiness, or are fulfilling their mission—"to preserve the spirit of religion in the Church,"—or with other religious have a special work of God to do in the near future—as Ralph Adams Cram seems to think—only God knows. "Raise up, O Lord, in Thy Church, the spirit wherewith our Holy Father, St. Benedict, Abbot, was animated; that filled with the same, we may study to love what he loved and to practice what he taught."—Oration of the Votive Mass in honor of St. Benedict.



### Not in Vain!

Let not in me Thy failure be  
My Crucified Divinity.  
Let not in vain Thy anguish press  
Upon my soul's hard-heartedness:  
Nor let Thy blood and death and pain  
Be squandered on my soul again:  
For every treachery of mine  
Is wasteful of Thy Passion's cost,  
And spills in vain the Blood Divine  
That laved my soul upon the cross.

Walter Sullivan, O. S. B.



# EASTER PARADE

John Meyer

FROM A \$12.50, "local reception only," Super-Fiver came the quavering tones of a cooing male crooner. His song had to do with a certain young lady who on the morrow would join the ranks of the "Easter Parade." It seemed that her hat was certain to be the non-pareil in unique styling and smartness. Within ear shot of this ambitious bit of musical flattery was a clever, cute, and crisp miss of minus twenty. Her actions blanketed the threefold task of listening to the radio, nibbling a chewy chunk of taffy, and polishing fingernails. From time to time she even attempted a fourth—reading the newssheet upon which was spread her manicure kit.

The swish and click of teeth through taffy stopped, the nail brush stalled in mid-air; something in the paper had kidnapped her attention. It was a suggestion of one "Madame Modiste." The Madame's store it seemed catered to the "Miss Sophisticate of 1938." Her ads were always the acme of style. This one ran:

Madame Modiste suggests a practical note in your Easter ensemble.

Meteorological statistics star J. Pluvius in the role of "April Showers." Why not be practical and choose a transparent rain cape? We have them in natural, brown, blue, and yellow.

The girl looked long at the paper; she frowned a little—then with a decisive shake of the head she smiled. Her actions clearly implied that it just couldn't rain this Easter; it just couldn't!

The burr of the 'phone-bell snatched her reverie. She cut the crooner off with a deft move of her left hand; with the other she reach-

ed for the receiver and spoke the familiar "Hello."

"S that you, Anna?"

"Right, Betty. Everything's O.K.?"

"Sure thing. I talked to Tom this morning."

"Unh-Huh."

"Here's the situash. We'll go to eight o'clock Mass tomorrow, then to Tom's house for breakfast. His mother invited us. Sweet of her isn't it?"

"I'll say!"

"After that we're motoring to my aunt's in Sigton. She's always good for a grand time. So it's all settled, if it doesn't rain. . . . Gee, kid, I don't know what I'd do if it'd rain."

"Me either. . . . Say, Bet, they sent my coat and hat out today."

"They did!"

"Ya know I was afraid they wouldn't get here. They're so busy down town, but they came out on the first run."

How'd they look, pretty mussed up?"

"Not so bad. I hung them up and they should be all right by tonight. If not I can always run the iron over them."

Say, kid, I gotta help mom; I just gotta; so I'd better cut this short. See you tomorrow. Gee, I hope it doesn't rain. Goodbye."

"Bye."

\* \* \* \* \*

"10:15 by the shock proof, No Rust watch." A moment's pause ensued; then the heave and sigh of Radio's sensational "Pearly Keene" ensued: "You took the words right out of my

heart." Not particularly interested, the modern miss, Ann, sat writing her daily dozen, the diary. Finished, she snapped off the radio and walked to the open window. Her diary read: "Lent was over at noon, and was I ever glad! I never knew taffy tasted so good until this afternoon. I'm sure glad I didn't eat any during Lent. Not eating candy and staying away from shows saved me over \$5.00. I put it all into my Easter outfit. I bought a new hat and coat. The hat is blue... 'perky is as perky does.' The coat is also blue, pastel tweed box style with square shoulders, long line and single button to the neck. I know I'll look darling tomorrow. Gee, I hope it doesn't rain."

"I finished the study club book today. It was the life of Saint Philip Neri... He was a sweet old man."

\* \* \* \* \*

Methodical clock ticks serenaded Ann for eight snoozey hours. The grand finale sounded



at seven A.M. only to be silenced by a groping hand. Half opened eyes peered at the window; fully opened eyes stared at the window. No. It couldn't be rain. It couldn't be!—but it was, and a very permanent looking rain at that.

She arose; walked to the window and cast heavy eyes at a laden sky—splendid promise of an all day pour. And the newspapers had predicted a balmy, sunny day. Well it was anything but balmy. The Madame Modiste ad flashed through her mind and was abruptly dismissed; followed quickly thoughts of how she'd planned all during Lent for this day; she had even spent her extra money for nice clothes; everything was ready for a big Easter and it *had* to rain... It wasn't fair to be raining on Easter—it just wasn't fair.

\* \* \* \* \*

Homan's Homemade-Jelly Hour (N.B.C. red from 9:00 to 10:00) featuring its world famous Swing Band under the baton of Swing's king, Goody Benman, had just given its recipe for Homan's grape jelly cake. A child's voice concluded with a childish question: "Mommy, can I have some jelly cake?"

Smilingly, Ann turned to her work. (Evidently this weakly plea for jelly bread highly amused her.) As usual she was scribbling her day's doing in "dear" diary.

"It was raining when I got up this morning. Was I disappointed! Easter morning... and it had to rain! All our plans were spoiled. We could not go driving. I couldn't wear my new clothes. It was awful.

"Then something made me think of the Resurrection. After all that's why we have Easter. I began to wonder what Our Lord thought about the rain. Suddenly it dawned on me that rain or no rain they were celebrating Easter in heaven. I didn't feel so bad after that. Then I thought about Saint Philip Neri who always wore his new clothes first to church so Our Lord could see them.

"I went to Mass, new clothes and all. I hope the Risen Savior liked them. I had a perfectly grand Easter."

# The QUEST for TRUTH

The Crusader

CONFUSION, contradictory reports, biased newspapers, and muzzled press accounts are responsible for the questioning attitude taken by many of our readers regarding the real nature of the trials held in Germany, in which Hitler attempts to discredit the Catholic Church in general and the Religious Orders in particular. The institution of the Brown Sisters to replace the Nursing Orders, the removal of innocent pastors from their pulpits and confessionals, the wholesale accusations of immorality, all make one wonder just what grounds there are for such action.

Persons best able to report the true state of affairs in Germany today fear to do so, not because of any self-preservation, since most of them would suffer imprisonment if thereby the truth could be made known. But they fear most for their living relatives in Germany, against whom the Nazis would wreak their vengeance.

Until very recently there have been Nazi sympathizers among the Catholics in Germany, even among the priests. The same is true in Austria today. But the latest developments in the Third Reich have removed the veil from the eyes of those patriots. It is almost unbelievable that any Government would confiscate the Catholic papers and issue them under a Catholic name with the grossest falsehoods against the clergy in order to mislead the Catholic readers into supposing that even the Church is bewailing the immorality of her priests as true beyond doubt. It is hard to believe that any court, however low, would convict men on charges brought by witnesses who, when asked to name the pictures of Hitler and Hindenburg in the court room, stated that one was the Sacred Heart and the other St. Joseph.

It is hard to believe, too, that the court would listen to the testimony of a girl who after reciting her little speech ended, "And now, do I get my chocolate?"

It should be published in every fair-minded American paper (but it won't be) that the "Brothers" accused of unnatural vices in Germany are not "Brothers." They are men who applied at the doors of communities between the years 1927 and 1937 and whether received on trial as Postulants or Candidates and later dismissed as undesirable or immediately sent away for some reason or another, were assembled now as "Brothers." Most of them are married and have families.

Out of 21,000 secular priests in Germany, 37 have been convicted; out of 7,000 Religious priests, two have been convicted. When one remembers that in the very same court room in Coblenz where many of these trials were held, as many as 140 lay persons were tried in eight days and found guilty, one realizes that even if Hitler's reports were not false and exaggerated, the percentage of "unnatural priests" is very low. As one said, "If the priests are as bad as the Government makes them out, what about the lay people?"

**Does the absolution given during Mass forgive sins?**

There are two absolutions given during Mass. The first is before the *Confiteor*, the second before the distribution of Holy Communion. These absolutions should rather be considered as intercessory prayers, petitions, a desire that God remit the sins of the faithful attending Mass; hence these absolutions must be carefully distinguished from the sacramental absolution which removes the sins of those who are properly disposed. These former are said rather to dispose the faithful for the reception of the graces of Holy Mass and especially for those of Holy Communion.

Eternity! Eternity! These words meditated upon have led men to holiness. Now it is the fashion to inquire whether there is such a thing.

**How do we know there is a life after this present one?**

The shortest answer is that we don't know, *we believe*. Those who don't believe this are not Christians, for this was the sum of Christ's teaching. Since we believe Christ to be God we believe what He has said is true. To direct our lives in accordance with this belief is the exercise of faith. The reward of faith is everlasting life.

This question can also be solved if we carefully consider the nature of the soul according to the Church's doctrine on immortality. Insofar as with the mind a person can conceive abstract subjects, can make and remake intellectual judgments, and can draw logical conclusions apart from action of the body, the soul is essentially free of all dependence on the material body. According to definition the soul is a simple, indivisible, spiritual substance. Being spiritual it is incorruptible, that is, it is not subject to dissolution or destruction unless at the instigation of Him Who made it. Reasonably we can conclude that God does not create an incorruptible nature only for the purpose of destroying it later on. Hence, when the body loses its life, the soul independently and incorruptibly lives on.

A good sign the Holy Bible is being read and thought about when such questions as the following are asked!

**Do the words God Almighty, Lord God, Lord, or God refer to any one person of the Holy Trinity?**

No, these four names you have given do not refer to any one person of the Holy Trinity. Taken just as they are outside the context they refer only to God as He is one by nature. Hence, they apply with equal force to all three divine Persons. It must be noted that sometimes you can easily see from the evident meaning of a passage in Scripture or elsewhere that the writer wishes to refer to the Father, or the Son, or the Holy Ghost.

*You don't blame the hatchet  
used by a mad killer....*

OVER the land, through the air, on and below the surface of the deep, everyone is in one big rush—to get where? They can't give a sensible answer; neither can I.

Included in this cavalcade of speed-maddened humans one finds, along with those of reputed good sense, every species and degree of feeble-mindedness so far tabulated by our renowned psychologists. The imbecile, the moron, the half-wit, the nit-wit, all the way down the list to the out and out lunatic; all seem to possess some fiendish desire to get their fingers clasped about the steering wheel of an automobile. Sprinkle this brainless mass with a little sloe-gin, saturate them with a little Tom and Jerry, give them a final rubdown with some good old bourbon, and you have the formula that has played a leading roll in putting this fair land so far out in front, in what is politely termed accidental deaths, that our closest rivals couldn't catch up if they used T.N.T.

The automobile in the last decade has become man's most treacherous friend. It is, undoubtedly, one of the most useful of his many creations. On the other hand, if death rates mean anything, it is one of his greatest enemies. To blame the poor automobile for this, however, would be sheer nonsense. When a man commits a ghastly crime, the state doesn't attempt to convict the gun he used for murder. You don't blame the hatchet used by a mad killer; rather, you blame the man; a man who has done a very fine job of acting contrary to all the laws God saw fit to establish in designing His work of art. As guns aren't necessarily bad, neither are hatchets; so, neither are automobiles. It's the people behind the wheels who somehow or other seem to have lost their equilibrium, and are intent on sticking their heads into the mouth of death in order to have that thrill of coming out alive (if they succeed). But why? We can understand perhaps, why a great many of them don't care a whole lot for their own necks, but why they should be so intent on segregating someone else's from the rest of his anatomy is beyond me.

There must be something which is very essential in the makeup of a human being that

they have either lost, or were never fortunate enough to have: I am quite sure God must have taken care of that little matter when He condescended to make man after his own image and likeness, so the only logical conclusion is that some men have lost something which they need very much.

A division of the modern motorists according to the moral standards which they may or may not follow couldn't be very exact; Therefore I probably won't be too far off the mark if I take it upon myself to place them all in one of three divisions.

## Man on t by James

The lowest class, who have no love whatsoever for their own lives, and care less for someone else's, we will classify as the pagan motorist. Now, if he is a good pagan he will undoubtedly have some respect for justice; there surely existed something akin to justice in that old habit of "give and take" which was the pride and boast of the loyal pagan heart. Thus, to demand a life, or to endanger a life, for a thrill of some kind is manifestly contrary to the good old pagan system of "trades."

In the middle class we will consider the "would be Christian." Somewhere down deep in his heart he admits to himself that he is Christian. Indeed, he would be a Christian in practice, did he not hesitate to place upon himself the heavy burdens of Christianity as taught by Christ. He does however, recognize some flimsy type of moral code; which code, how-



ever modern it may be, surely does not consider murder as some form of social justice, and the endangering of human-life as a form of recreational activity. (Of course I refer here to living, breathing beings, for I must of necessity admit that they have succeeded remarkably well in convincing themselves that the murder of unborn citizens is the acme of social justice.) This group is, then, failing remarkably well, even in their artful attempt at being very mediocre Christians.

So far we have considered only the riff-raff of the motoring clan and have spoken only in

# On the Run

James O'Connor

terms of murder, the sacredness of human life, nit-wits, alcohol burners, and the religiously depraved. When we speak of the Christian motorist, we should be able to leave all these headaches behind, for Christ did not believe in the old standard of "give and take," but tried to instill into his followers the spirit of Christian charity. The Christian should not be content to pat himself on the back because he has not as yet killed anyone, or come perilously close, but he should go into a huddle with himself and see if he has been practicing that positive Christian virtue which finds so many modes of expression on the modern highways. For example: how about letting the old man who is trying vainly to sneak across a busy intersection, reach his destination without serious damage to his chronic heart. Learn and apply those little formalities used by the iron

chariot fraternity to save others the trouble of guessing whether they are coming or going. Give the old boy with the antiquated model a smile, rather than a bump, when he's having great difficulty squeezing through traffic with a couple of cylinders failing to produce. The field is unlimited; opportunities arise by the dozen in the course of a single day's time, and with the exercise of just a wee-bit of charity think how much safer and enjoyable life can become for you and your fellow men.

Over this conglomerous mass of "humanity on the run" stands the serene and placid St. Christopher, the man who rides the dashboard without a complaint. If ever man should desire to lift his eyes heavenward and commune with one of the spiritual inhabitants of those celestial regions in terms of sympathy and understanding, I could suggest no one more deserving than poor St. Christopher. Although the patron saint of family life has surely been doing plenty of over-time work lately, and others have, no doubt, had their difficulties, I'll bet Saint Christopher would hand over his job as guardian of the modern wayfarer in exchange for any of them. When you are commissioned to act as protector to men who revel in playing "hide and seek" with the reaper, who hurl themselves through space at any where from one to three hundred miles an hour with little or no respect for those divinely made laws of force, gravity, and immovable objects, you are facing a job which requires twenty-four hours plus if you expect to keep intact the bundle of flesh and bones which is trying to work itself into the grave-yard. It is indeed no job for a pessimist, but I would rather think of St. Christopher as an optimist anyway. I see him now, standing there in heaven, desiring above all else to protect his foolish sons; all he asks is a little cooperation on our part. "Don't call on me," he says, "when you are on your way up the telephone pole, or when you have pulled out in front of a speeding car, but think of me in your daily lives by trying to imitate the charity I practised for Christ's sake: Then, and only then, will I be able to fulfill my duties to humanity in the manner which will be of the greatest assistance to it."

# HE GAVE HER A GOOD HOME

Ethel King

THE UNCONQUERABLE sunlight slipped in through the window and painted a divinely gold stripe along the worn boards in the flooring. This was the one hour of the day, about two o'clock in the afternoon, when the sun could gain entrance to this dull room. Mrs. Stevenson now looked slowly all over the bareness of this room to make sure she was leaving nothing behind her. Then she glanced down at the shabby tan leather valise, the cardboard hatbox, and the paper bundle at her feet. Yes, all her belongings were there beside her. This cheerless place held nothing more of hers. She was glad she was leaving it. The wooden chair she was sitting on was Mrs. Hollister's. And now she was waiting for Mrs. Hollister and her son, neighbors, to drive her up to the Old Ladies' Home.

As she reached down to try the fastening on the leather bag, her wedding ring caught the ray of sunshine on its own golden surface. Suddenly she began to tremble, for with that glitter of the ring the past had come swift upon her. She saw again Augustine Truesdale's cruel face, and the anguish he had caused her and Lex twenty-odd years before throbbed to life in her now with the fresh pain of a wound given but yesterday. She pressed this left hand tight against her shrunken cheek as though by this physical effort she could quiet the ache of remembrance. Her once pretty face, the skin still of fine texture, flushed delicately. She must not let herself go! If she were to be found in tears, Mrs. Hollister wouldn't understand. She would think she did not want to go to the Home, and, oh, she did! She never could survive another winter like the last—sick, alone, no work, her savings running perilously low. If Mrs. Hollister hadn't come in at that time and found her down with the pneumonia, what wouldn't have happened to her!

She struggled against a rising sea of memory, but it overwhelmed her, and caught in its full tide she had to feel and experience again days long gone. . . .

What a husband Lex had been! Far too good. He had spoiled her. When they were first struggling along together, she none too well, they used to talk about a little house they meant to own some day. Lex would laugh in that hearty way of his and say.

"When the children are all grown and gone off, then we'll have the house to ourselves."

But there never were any children, and in their disappointment over this, how close they had grown. . . .

Then after those many poverty-ridden years for Lex all at once to make money in that oil concern he had gone into! That was where he met Augustine Truesdale. . . . This new wealth was as bewildering to Lex as it was to her. He and she had acted like children then, foolish, middle-aged children, spending, spending.

Lex would say to her, "Go ahead, Bessie, get any-

thing you want. I have lots of money, and I'm going to be a rich man some day soon."

Theatres, restaurants, parties, visits South and to the Coast. . . . And the dresses she had. . . . That silver and white brocade, and that black velvet. . . . Lex couldn't tell one dress from another but he vowed she looked lovely in everyone of them. Dear, big, handsome Lex! He would outshine all the other men in any gathering they went to! . . .

And what a home they meant to get then. . . . But it was always just ahead of them. It would be, "after the next trip, we'll settle down." Or Lex would say, "Wait, now. Augustine Truesdale tells me something good is going to turn up in the business in the next month or so. We'll hunt for a place then."

She had never liked Augustine Truesdale with that long white face of his and those cold colorless eyes. From the first she sensed treachery in him. But to Lex he was wonderful—so successful. He considered it an honor to be called his friend, and he would bring him to their home, and she would have to go out around with them. Little things roused her suspicions. She tried to warn Lex, tried to show him the man was using him to push himself upward.

"Nonsense, Bessie," the honorable Lex would laugh, "You don't care for Truesdale, and you can't see any good in him. Now, isn't that the woman for you! Why he's a big man, and going further every day!"

As time went on and no harm developed apparently, she began to believe she must be silly and over-sensitive and prejudiced. When Lex finally went into partnership with him, she forced herself to think—and hope—that a great future lay ahead of them. . . . A few bright months, and then the crash, and Truesdale extricating himself from it unscathed, and ruin and dishonor and heartbreak for Lex. . . .

Those days when Lex lay dying, a broken man. . . . She had humbled herself then and gone to the evilly-prospering Truesdale to beg some help. He would not even see her. . . .

Then all the long, lonely, bitter years for her since Lex had died. . . . furnished rooms, dilapidated flats. . . . trying to earn a living in any way possible for an untrained woman of little strength.

A rap at the door now called Mrs. Stevenson out of the terrible past into the present. A brief inward conflict, then she rose and walked as briskly as she could toward the door. What a relief it would be not to have to pretend any more—not to have to lie about her age, nor say she felt well when she didn't, nor always be spry and in good spirits. In a Home no one would expect her to be anything but what she was—an old woman. But she must make a final effort now. So she settled the small jaunty black hat on her head, gave a tug here and there to her youthfully-cut shiny

blue serge suit, adjusted a smile on her tired face, and opened the door with a cheery, "Well, here you are, Mrs. Hollister!"

"Yes, here we are," Mrs. Hollister agreed placidly, and she pushed in followed by her red-haired son. "We'll give you a hand with your things. Fred's got the car here and we'll start right off. Here, Fred, you take the valise and the hatbox, and go ahead downstairs with them. Let me carry that for you, Mrs. Stevenson," she picked up the paper bundle and held it under her arm against her tweed coat buttoned taut about her bulk. "Now, I guess we've everything. We'll go now."

Riding up from the city through the October afternoon out into the country where the trees and the grass were beginning to grow rusty, Mrs. Stevenson felt she must be dreaming it all. It seemed so strange for her to be riding away at last from the haunting ghosts of poverty and distress and back to a safe home. It was a great comfort for an old woman to know she would have a roof over her head all her remaining days. She had meant to be chatty on this trip up, but she couldn't think of a thing to say. Mrs. Hollister and her boy kept up a hum of conversation between themselves.

Once she realized that Mrs. Hollister was talking to her, the woman's round, unpowdered face looking into hers. "I'm sure you'll like it. It isn't a bit like an institution. You went up only once to see it, didn't you?"

"Yes, only once. You were so good to make all the arrangements for me."

"Oh, that was nothing. I was glad I heard of it.



They don't do much advertising, or the place would be over-run with applicants, it's so lovely—and cheap."

"Yes, fortunately," Mrs. Stevenson murmured. The sum required for admittance had been just about what she could scrape together after selling her things and adding this to her meagre savings in the bank.

"I tell Fred," Mrs. Hollister said with a good-natured wink toward the front seat, "if he ever gets married, I'm going up to join you."

Fred jerked half around, smiling sheepishly, "Don't worry about me getting married, Mom."

Mrs. Stevenson was thankful when the trip ended. It was not easy riding in Fred Hollister's second-hand car, and she was very tired. But she roused with a little start when they rolled into the well-kept grounds and up to the gracious white house. She had not really appreciated the place on that blurred visit there before. If Lex were only with her and this their own home! A finer one than they had ever planned. . .

Then. . . she had to say good-bye to the Hollisters. She was afraid she would break down, especially when Mrs. Hollister kissed her.

"We'll drive up and see you when we can," Mrs. Hollister said, "and you must come down and visit me. We must keep neighborly, you know."

Then Fred shook hands, smiling his quiet, long-lipped smile.

"You've been so nice to me," she managed to tell this mother and son, "I can't imagine anyone being kinder."

They each waved a hand back at her as they drove off. She stood there on the porch looking after them until they disappeared at the turn of the road. She hoped they hadn't seen tears in her eyes. She was easier now that the ordeal of parting with these good people was over, but she was very weary.

An old man in blue denim overalls and jacket had carried her baggage indoors. A fleshy, youngish woman dressed in white like a trained nurse stood waiting for her. This was Miss MacDonald, the assistant superintendent. She talked and walked fast in spite of her plumpness.

"You'll love it here," she said in a welcoming voice, "all the ladies do."

Mrs. Stevenson strove to keep step with her. "Yes, indeed, I'm sure of it," she acquiesced, making her tones as enthusiastic as the other's, forgetting that she no longer had need for pretence.

The wide hallway, and then the richly dark panelled walls of the reception room seemed grand to her after the years she had spent in cheap lodgings. It had been so long since she had known luxury.

Miss MacDonald put out a guiding hand. "We'll turn down this corridor. I'm sorry the elevator's getting repaired to-day. But you won't mind walking up, will you? Only one flight to your room. We'll go this way to the side stairs."

"Oh, of course I'll not mind a bit," Mrs. Stevenson declared, still cheerful through the power of habit.

As she passed easy chintz covered chairs, she looked longingly at them, and the growing plants in the many

windows, and the silk shaded lamps captured her attention too. No one was around.

"The ladies are all up in their rooms resting at this hour," Miss MacDonald informed her.

Resting in their rooms... Maybe on clean chintz flowered chairs like those around, or perhaps on soft beds...

"We used this room as a store place, but cleared it out, and we'll have it for a reading room and library. One of the trustees is going to furnish the books. It will be fine here. You see there's a fireplace. We're trying it out to-day."

Mrs. Stevenson peered into the indicated empty room. It faced north, and was shadowy now in the October early twilight. The flickering flames on the hearth fascinated her. Something Lex and she had always wanted, an open fireplace, and they had never had one.

A bit of burning wood dropped from a log to the hearth-stone, sputtered, then flared high, throwing the glory of its light up to the oaken mantle, and beyond to a gold framed portrait of a man with a long white face and pale freezing eyes...

Mrs. Stevenson stood immovable, her soft startled eyes on the picture.

Miss MacDonald who had stepped beyond the room, now halted and asked casually, "What's detaining you."

"Who...is...that man?" the question came faintly.

"Oh, that oil painting there. That's the man who once owned this house—a Mr. Truesdale—Augustine Truesdale."

"Augustine Truesdale," Mrs. Stevenson repeated.

"Yes. I understand he made piles of money, and built this house for himself. But, you know, riches have wings," she gave a knowing little laugh, half sympathy, half indifference. "He lost everything. Died. This house was sold at auction. That's how our organization got it so cheap. The picture was here when we took over the house, and here it stayed. But it's coming down. The same gentleman who's giving us the books is going to send over a copy of Millet's ANGELUS. We'll hang that up instead, there over the mantelpiece."

Mrs. Stevenson gave a long glance backward at the dimming picture as she went on. Her heart was beating the words, "Augustine Truesdale, you had to give me a good home!"

## "As He Said"

*Raymond Anthony Robson*

THE BIRDS had already awakened. The black night was flanking off in columns to the north and to the south. The golden eyelids of the sun were opening on the dew soaked valleys and ragged mountains of Judea. But as all nature awoke, the guards who paced before the tomb of the Nazarean Carpenter were anxious only for rest. It had been a long watch and (to their minds) a foolish one. What difference would it make if the body of this poor Jew were stolen? Hadn't everyone in Jerusalem seen His awful end? Hadn't everyone seen this Jesus scourged till He could scarcely stand? Hadn't they seen Him dragged half-dead to Calvary? Hadn't they all seen the hideous, bloody corpse?...Who then could believe the idle fancy that He would rise again? By Jupiter, there should be an end to everything! These Jews were going too far with their silly superstitions and jealousies. The blood-thirsty crew... weren't they ever satisfied! The man was dead, as dead as Julius Caesar.....

Suddenly, just when the sun had fully hurdled the horizon, the earth reeled sickeningly and threw the soldiers to the ground. The huge stone rolled from the entrance to the sepulcher, while a light streamed forth brighter in intensity than the sun—and more glorious. By the gods, what was it all? Were they dreaming? They dared not raise their eyes, these brawny men to

whom, hitherto, fear had been a foreign thing; but they knew—Oh, they knew beyond a doubt—that the Jewish Carpenter had kept His promise: "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will build it up again!"

Yes, that watch of the soldiers *was* a foolish one, but not for the reasons that they thought it so. They foresaw an attempt by Christ's disciples to steal Him away. Their guard was strong enough to prevent that. But they reckoned not on the Divine Omnipotence within the tomb, which awaited only the Easter Dawn to burst the bonds of death!

Today, in Russia, in Mexico, in Spain, and in Germany soldiers are watching before another tomb. Christ is crucified again, and these men must watch: "lest perhaps His disciples come and steal Him away." But as the long dismal night of irreligion drags on, these guards, too, will weary of their vigil, and complain of the absurdity of it all. Isn't Christianity a lifeless thing? Haven't the monasteries been destroyed; the churches burned? God Himself declared a myth? What is there to fear from the Gallilean? His priests have been murdered; His nuns violated; His schools abandoned. THE STATE IS AT LAST SUPREME!!

Then it will happen as it happened on Easter Morning... as it has happened since in every period of the Church's History. The stone of persecution will be rolled away. Christ will emerge victorious once more!



# WITH FATHER ABBOT

Dear Confreres,

The modern resuscitation of Buckfast might be briefly delineated thus: In 1796 Buckfast was described in "Gentleman's Magazine" as "a mass of disconnected ruins." In 1806 Mr. Samuel Berry, the owner, leveled the still remaining walls and out of the stones built the modern house which now forms part of the Abbey. In 1849 an aged French priest founded the Abbey of La Pierre-qui-vire, not far from the town of Avallon. This Abbey became a strong religious center until a sectarian government scattered its inmates in 1180. Most of the Monks retired to a house near Dublin. Two years later, 1882, they purchased what remained of Buckfast Abbey. Therefore 1882 is the year of the revival. In 1899 it became a dependent priory and in 1902 an Abbey. The first Abbot was Boniface Natter of Wurtemberg. For only four years he was Abbot. In 1906 he went down with the Italian ship *Sirio*, which on August 4 perished off the south-east coast of Spain. His secretary on the trip was his monk Anscar Vonier, who escaped from the tragic ship and was elected Abbot at the age of thirty years. He has now been Abbot for thirty-one years.

The glory of Buckfast is the Abbey Church. It was thirty years in building. The last stone was laid in July 1937, so the foundation was begun in 1907. After plans had been made for the Church, the excavations were made for the foundations. In the work of excavation the foundations of The Old Abbey Church were discovered. Then the architect redesigned the whole building to make it fit on the former foundations and thus perpetuate the 12th century structure in outline. Because of financial inability to build with hired labor, Abbot Boniface sent one of the lay Brothers to the Abbey of En-calcat in Southern France to learn masonry. In 18 months Brother Peter returned as a Mason and began to build the Abbey Church. He had three helpers in the

persons of Father Richard, Brother Hilarion, and Brother Ignatius. A hired architect made the plans, but these four members of the community, with the occasional help of other monks, in thirty years built the present magnificent Church. It is of stone with even a vaulted stone ceiling. The dimensions: length 240 feet, width 62 feet. The whole interior is of white stone from Bath, except only the red local sandstone in the ceiling.

For the solemn consecration of the Church and the altars in August, 1932, there was even a papal legate present. With this Cardinal Papal Legate there were five Archbishops, sixteen Bishops, and about thirty Abbots present in the Sanctuary.

Besides their extensive building operations of the past thirty years the Monks of Buckfast engage in two other special activities that help them to earn a livelihood. They make a wonderful Tonic Wine that is bottled and sold by a London firm, and their Brother Adam is at the head of a big honey industry. Their annual honey crop ranges from ten to twenty tons. Brother Adam knows all about bees and honey. He has designed machinery for handling honey. Lately he gave a radio broadcast about bees. The honey is put up in fancy paper cups with artistic designs printed on them according to designs worked out by the Monks. But, much as we like honey and much as we could profit by the use of Tonic Wine, we shall have to give attention to some other places.

Three years ago the Solesmes Monks had told me about their house on the Isle of Wight, the so-called Quarr Abbey and its chant that is as good as their own. Three years ago I had not time to visit Quarr Abbey, but now I had just enough time to stop because it was conveniently close to my port of sailing, Southampton. Abbot Vonier arranged to take me to Exeter so I could not only catch a train there for Portsmouth Harbor Station but also see the old Exeter Cathedral to

whose Bishops of old the former Buckfast Abbey was subject. It is another grand remnant of former days of faith. Buckfast Abbey of old helped to build Exeter Cathedral by encouraging persons to contribute towards its building. All donors were offered a share in the prayers of the Monks. One fairly loses his breath when he looks up and takes in the view of that vaulted stone ceiling sweeping through an unbroken length of 300 feet. At each end of the transept there is a square tower of 148 foot height. The fourteenth century builders knew how to support a stone-vaulted roof that is four feet thick. Massive buttresses rising from the ground support flying buttresses weighted by graceful pinnacles. That is how it is done.

I left Exeter at 1:05 P. M. and was in Quarr Abbey at 5:35 that evening. At Portsmouth Harbor Station I went by boat to the Isle of Wight. A little train took me from the landing to Ryde, a city on the northeast coast of the island. Then, by bus I got to the Abbey—Quarr Abbey.

The Isle of Wight is about 22 miles long from east to west and thirteen miles wide from north to south. It has a railway system for its 90,000 inhabitants. Most of the people live on the east half of the island because the other half is not so suitable for habitation. Quarr Abbey is west of Ryde only a very short distance, and near enough the coast to see the water off in the distance.

The original Quarr Abbey was built in 1132. Ruins of this old Cistercian Abbey still exist near the present new buildings. When the Solesmes Monks were driven out of France they came to the Isle of Wight with their bags and luggage and settled on the south side of the island till they could build a place near the old ruins, which property they acquired by purchase. An old stone building on this former Quarr property had been occupied by Princess Beatrix of Mt. Batten, who merely

# WHEN THE MASS IS OVER

Gualbert Brunsman, O. S. B.

THE DAILY life of the Christian, as a consequence of having partaken of the sacrificial Body and Blood of Jesus Christ, should be vitally affected because of the union which has been brought about in the holy Sacrifice. His moral life should find a remedy in the Christ Life of which he has not only seen a picture, but seen it actually made present again, with its graces.

Thus fortified by the Mystery of Life and Death, the soldier of Christ

merely begins his Sacrifice with the morning's Mass and carries it with him into the path of life in which he must work out his salvation. Not only the actual presence of the Christ Life, but even the very consolation of the thought will solve many a dangerous problem of his moral life, which would otherwise seem insurmountable. During the Mass we have seen His glory, and His glory will be shared with us, because "as many as received Him,

He gave them power to be made sons of God." But before we come to that blessed rest, "looking for the coming of the great God," we must fight with the enemy of our souls. Yes, Catholic Action must exist first in our own souls before it will diffuse itself into the souls of others. We are not, however, left orphans in this battle. Our God has clothed us with the breastplate, shield, helmet and sword of faith. He sends us forth (for every Christian is sent) with

rented the house. She is the second cousin incomplete of the present King of England, and Mother of Queen Victoria Eugenia of Spain. At present this Princess is governor of the Isle of Wight and resides at Carrisbrooke Castle in the middle of the Isle. Her Quarr residence has been included in The Abbey quadrangle. It should have been torn down, for it does not fit in with the brick buildings and only occasions much repair work.

When the Solesmes Monks were again permitted to return to their Abbey in France they left a small group of men at Quarr as a dependent priory that should eventually grow into an Abbey. Though they use the name Quarr Abbey now, this is only to keep up the traditional name. Some day soon the Community will doubtless be an Abbey not only in name but also in reality. (Editor's Note: Since this letter was written Quarr has already been raised to Abbey rank and has a new abbot.)

At Buckfast I had been made to want to see just one more thing in England after Quarr and that was the immense Winchester Cathedral. Winchester is only twelve miles north of Southampton. Immediately after dinner on Nov. 25 I went by train, boat, and train to Winchester where I spent one hour and sixteen minutes before hastening to Southampton for supper and the night. Winchester is not the grandest or finest, but it is the biggest of all the old Cathedrals. When I saw its exterior outlines I

thought the men that undertook to build it must have been heroically broad and long in their vision. The Church was indeed planned generously. It was an age of great zeal for monastic life and of great enthusiasm for building. Winchester was the central shrine of Wessex and of the Anglo-Saxon kingdom. Here the earliest Kings prayed and were buried. The first king of England is buried here. It is Egbert who died in 839. Aethelwulf, the friend of St. Swithun and the father of Alfred, rests here—and Canute who died in 1035. Here Edward the Confessor was crowned in 1043. Here Mary I was married to Philip of Spain in 1554. Thirty seven years after the arrival of our St. Augustine in Kent, another Monk, Bishop Birinus, came from Rome to England in 634. He baptized the King of Wessex. Birinus established his "Cathedral" in Dorchester, but forty years later after his death, it was transferred to Winchester. The Danes destroyed the original church. But Bishop Aethelwold rebuilt it and also substituted Benedictine Monks for the earlier canons. The present Winchester Cathedral was begun in 1079 by a Norman Bishop. It was sufficiently far advanced in 1093 for the Monks to begin to use it.

At 9:00 A. M. on the 27th of November our little tender left port with passengers and baggage to go out to meet the *S. S. Hamburg*, which was due at the place of rendezvous at 10:45. We met and marched up the gang plank. On the

way out to the *Hamburg* I amused myself by feeding the sea gulls bread scraps that I had gotten from the boat kitchen. Those birds are always hungry. They follow the boats long distances. Strange to say, one sees sea gulls even out in mid-ocean. Not a day goes by but you can see a few of them. No doubt some of them eventually get all the way across the ocean. And what stories the European gulls must have to tell the New York gulls when they meet. Possibly there is a language problem at first, even for the birds.

This may interest some of you. You may know that the Hamburg America Line has a boat called *Hansa*. This same boat was formerly called *Albert Ballin* to honor a man who did much to build up the Hamburg America Line. Unfortunately, Albert was a Jew, and Hitler hates Jews; so he painted *Hansa* over the name *Albert Ballin*. I am just thinking that some day only paint will be needed to cover the name of Hitler. Much could be written here about Hitler, but I'll let another record that story.

This brings me pretty close to my journey's end. This letter will be mailed from New York immediately after my arrival there Saturday morning, December 4. My plan is to stop briefly in New York and in Indianapolis and then get home in time to pontificate on the beautiful feast of the Immaculate Conception.

Yours most cordially,  
Ignatius, O. S. B.  
Abbot.

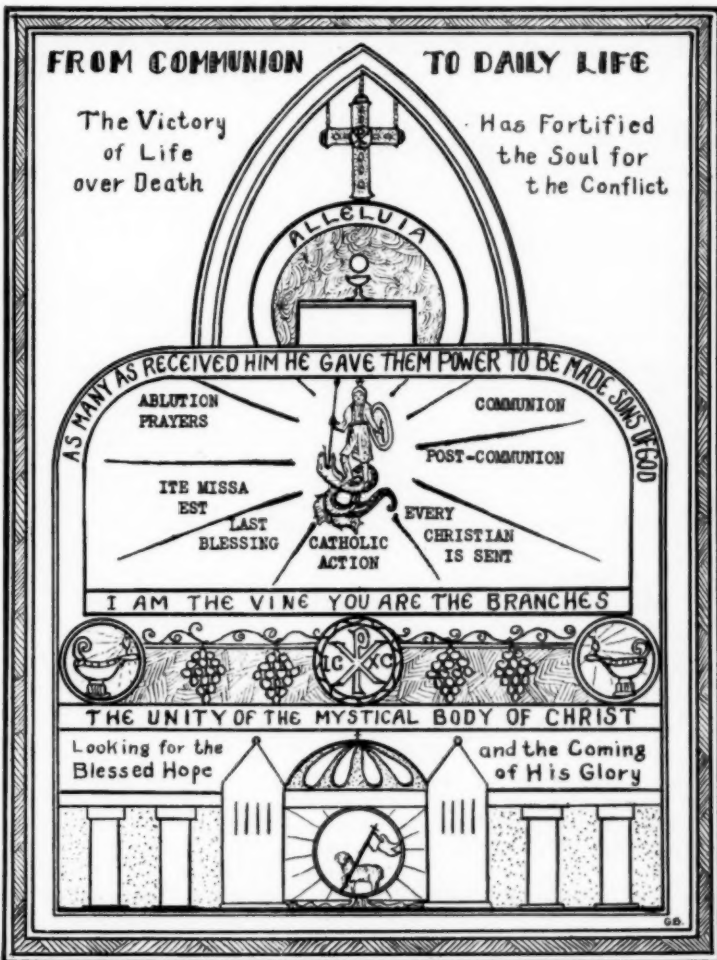
His special blessing at the end of Mass, with our lamps burning brightly, diffusing Christ's light (by our good example) to those who sit in darkness and who scorn the Light.

The message which Christ leaves with us is one of triumph. Yet there is a note of sadness to which His soul gives expression when He thinks that some there were even during this Sacrifice who received Him badly. They received Him with their lips but their hearts were far from Him. Then there were those, too, who, although they could have been present, failed through negligence to come. "He came to His own and His own received Him not." Such, indeed are to be pitied. They cut themselves off from the source of salvation. They do not belong to the true Vine and hence have little or no fruit, but lie weak or dead on the ground. They live without hope, not looking for the second coming of Christ on the last day. And separated from the unity of the Mystical Body, they die without hope, because they have not seen His glory in the holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

Now we see that the Mass furnishes all that we need in life. All comes to us through our worthy participation in that sacred Mystery. If we are fortified with daily or frequent and devout attendance at Mass, we have nothing to fear from the enemy of our soul. But the question is, how are we going to derive all this from Holy Mass? Besides the graces which come to us because of a devout attendance, there are graces which come to us because of an intelligent attendance. And this attendance is possible only by following the meaning of the words, which ordinarily can be done best by using the Missal. The using of a Missal requires instruction. If understanding the prayers were lacking, you would indeed read the words, but the deep feeling and meaning of the well chosen words of holy Church would not always be apparent, especially since you could not be acquainted with the plan the Church carries out in her ecclesiastical year, in her seasons and feasts. In short, you must feel that the Church has a special reason for putting her varied riches before you at just the time that she does and not at another.

To come to this requires instruction. But once instructed, year after year will yield new delights, new thoughts and NEW GRACES to you. Why

should the inner life of our holy mother remain a closed book to you since you are a child of God and entitled to receive of those riches?



#### The Symbolism of the Chart

In the arc are pictured the three great mysteries around which the Mass centers. The Passion is pictured by the Cross, which is studded with precious stones, called the 'Crux Gemmata,' to typify that the Passion is no longer the bitter Passion, but the Blessed Passion (Beata Passio). The altar brings Holy Thursday to our minds. Behind the altar is the sepulcher to represent the glorious Resurrection of Christ, which is the type of our own. The soldier of Christ is shown ready for the fray. Having been made a son of God, he is fortified to do battle. In the center of the chart we are shown again by the picture of the Vine and Branches that Christ is the source of life to those who are firmly attached to Him. He is the Sun from which our souls receive the power to shine. "Let your light shine before men." The lamps are christian symbols which typify the christian soul, illumined by the Divine Light. The heavenly Jerusalem enshrining the Lamb of God represents the glory which comes to those who are "looking for the blessed hope and the coming of the glory of the great God." And to this glory we shall come if we hunger and thirst for it while we are upon earth.



About

## A STRANGE PEOPLE

Alfred Horrigan

THE study of the civilization which flourished in the central portion of the North American continent from the 19th to the 25th centuries of the Christian era offers to the archeologist problems not only of the greatest interest, but also of extreme difficulty. Viewing the period from the distance of three thousand years, it seems impossible to reconcile the various available data in such a manner as to offer an accurate and balanced picture of the then prevalent culture. Recent excavations have only complicated the situation by pointing to conclusions inconsistent with previously determined facts. It is consequently necessary to be content with a mere exposition of the evidence at hand, and hope that in time an adequate explanation will be found.

It is clear that the portion of the continent under consideration was known for many centuries. as the "United States." Strangely enough, however the inhabitants of this region were designated simply as "Americans"; and this despite the fact that at this same time the whole western hemisphere, properly speaking, was included under the general title, "America." The first point that impresses one when studying the characteristics of the ancient "Americans" is their amazing addiction to the most unusual forms of superstition. Notwithstanding an undeniable state of advancement in the realm of mechanical arts, their national life was dependent upon a system of fetishes and voodooes which was hardly superior to the most primitive tribal practices.

This contention finds its aptest illustration, perhaps, in the financial structure and commercial practices of the country. The "Americans" based all their estimation of values in business transactions upon pieces of a certain metal (of practically no intrinsic value) known as "gold." An individual who possessed much of this material was regarded as a person of importance, his opinion was highly respected, and he could satisfy all his wants with the greatest ease by simply exchanging the "gold" for whatever he desired. The national government itself seemed to attach a sort of religious significance to the metal. It controlled vast stores of the "gold" which were kept carefully buried in the ground at various points throughout the country. As long as these were undisturbed the people as a whole felt satisfied that there would be general happiness and

prosperity. This quaint notion, of course, did not lack analogies in other primitive cultures. The system of animism and totem poles among the aborigines of the frigid zone was no doubt a product of the same basic superstition. The same might be said of the custom of medicine men of certain African tribes in regard to protecting and attaching great significance to small bags containing bones, feathers, and pebbles.

In other fields, as well, this conspicuous tendency of the "Americans" toward superstition was evidenced. As a sort of by-product of their advances in the sphere of physical experimentation a peculiar cult of divination was developed. It resembled to a certain extent the auguries of the early Roman religions, and from the 19th century onwards enjoyed a great popularity. The medicine men of the cult (or "Scientists" as they were more commonly called), working in specially equipped temples ("laboratories") would painstakingly mix certain chemical substances, test them in various ways, examine with care the results and then make solemn pronouncements on physical, moral, financial and religious matters. In this manner an entire philosophical system came into being which claimed to explain in detail the nature of God, the origin of the soul, the destiny of man, and any other questions which stood in need of explanation. It can be proven, incomprehensible as it may seem, that large numbers of the "Americans" unhesitatingly accepted the pronouncements of these medicine men or "Scientists" and conducted their entire lives accordingly.

Most present day archeologists will agree that the ancient "Americans" attached considerable importance to a formal educational process. There are still, however, several unsettled problems in this connection. The first is that of the relation between the religion of the state and the principles on which the schools were conducted. On the one hand, the "United States" was, in theory, a definitely religious nation. The national charter or constitution made explicit mention of a dependence on God; "American" coins still extant bear the name of the deity; careful research has established the fact that the meetings of the various legislative assemblies were opened invariably with prayer. On the other hand, there is more than sufficient documentary evidence to establish the fact that in the schools supported by the public authority religious training and



instruction were altogether ignored. Some have maintained that the only possible explanation of this phenomenon is that the public authority supported and conducted two complete educational systems, one for secular training, the other for religious. Despite the intrinsic plausibility of this hypothesis, however, it lacks all support from archeological sources. The contention of others that the "American" schools simply perserved an attitude of complete indifference toward religion seems absurd. It is inconceivable and unprecedented that any nation regardless of what form, or forms, of religion it professed, Christian or pagan, could allow such a policy to persist for any length of time.

A further point of interest in the educational field arises relative to the criminal code of the "Americans." It has been demonstrated conclusively that, next to education, the largest item on the expense accounts of local and general governing bodies was that of law enforcement and crime pervention. It is demonstrable, further, that the statutes of the country were in substantial agreement with those of other civilizations, past and present; i.e., all such ordinary crimes as murder, theft, injustice, flagrant immorality, etc., were expressly proscribed and severe penalties fixed for the offenders in these respects. But the difficulty is this: The most recent investigations have disclosed the fact that at this very same period in "American" history when such statutes were in full effect and when the people, through the government, were defraying the huge expenses of enforcing them, in countless public institutions of learning supported through the same government by the same people, the students were being taught that man had no free will, that he was not responsible for his own actions, that there was no supreme norm of morality and that, consequently, there could be no such thing as a "crime" which was deserving of punishment. To date no archeologist or philosopher of history has attempted to offer a logical reconciliation of these inexplicable findings.

When the investigator turns his attention to the status of matrimony among the "Americans" his task of synthesizing the data at hand is as troublesome as

ever. As to the facts themselves, it is evident that the laws of the country insisted on what might be called, in a very broad sense, monagamous marriage. It is impossible to say, however, just what was meant by the word "marriage," since the union expressed by the term apparently was dissoluble at the will of the parties concerned. It was thus possible for a person to contract half a dozen or more of these "marriages." Just what sort of distinction in the minds of the legislators made it permissible to have several "Wives" or "Husbands" successively but not simultaneously still remains a mystery to the baffled archeologist.

Among the most puzzling of the phenomena of the "American" civilization was the perfection of mechanical contrivances for use as a means of transportation, production, and amusement. The people traveled about in motorized vehicles which could attain great rates of speed but which, through striking persons on foot or in other vehicles, caused many thousands of deaths every year. As to why this speed in transportation was thought desirable, or why the resulting fatalities did not curtail the use of the vehicles, no adequate explanation has as yet been offered. Some have suggested after careful study of the "American" attitude toward various types of machines, that the people believed that the souls of their ancestors were "reincarnated" in the mechanisms. This hypothesis has little definite confirmation, although it must be conceded that it synchronizes very well with the known facts. Along the same line and equally inexplicable was the substitution of machines of all kinds for human workers in the general production of goods. This brought about widespread unemployment and had the further effect of concentrating the population in most restricted areas under practically unlivable circumstances.

There is little profit in continuing to cite examples of the hopelessly involved problems which face the present day Americanologist. Perhaps future excavations and research will bring to his aid facts that will serve as a sort of common denominator of the data now on hand. Until that times arrives, however, he must content himself with the observation that the "Americans" were, indeed, a strange people.

## SNAP-SHOTS

*Dunstan McAndrews, O. S. B.*



**I**F YOU have ever watched with dismay the receding red light marking the end of your last suburban elevated train, you can imagine how Senator Glass felt some time ago. He was in charge of a \$1,400,000 appropriation bill in the Senate. After hearing senators talk about our aviators in South America, he asked what had become of the bill he was interested in. Then he learned it had passed—gone with the wind—fifteen minutes previously.

**T**O US the Cross on which our Lord died signifies adoration of God, love of God for man, universal redemption, and God's perfect Self-sacrifice. Hitler bends the Cross, doing away with God, substituting hate for love, replacing redemption for all with redemption bounded by the Rhine and the Danube, directing sacrifice exclusively to human ends. The Cross thus mutilated is called the swastika.



# Alleluia



**A**T THE close of vespers on the Saturday preceding Septuagesima Sunday Holy Mother Church, in order to prepare her children for the coming penitential season of Lent, ordered that the joyous Alleluia should no longer be sung. In olden times this word was considered as a person setting out on a journey, and the "bidding farewell to the Alleluia," as it was called, was very touching, as we see from the following antiphon, made use of as far back as the 9th century. "May the good Angel of the Lord accompany thee, Alleluia, and give thee a good journey, that thou mayest come back to us with joy, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia."

**I**N OUR days the Church merely repeats this mysterious word four times. I say "mysterious," for it is indeed full of deep meaning and significance as we see from the liturgy of Holy Saturday. After reading the Epistle, if a Bishop or Abbot assists at the Solemn High Mass, the Subdeacon approaches the Prelate and addresses him in these words: Most Reverend Father, I announce to you tidings of great joy; it is the Alleluia." Taking his cue from this joyful message, the celebrant immediately intones it three times, repeated by the choir, each time in a higher tone and with an increase of jubilation. At the blast of the trumpet, the sonorous peals of the organ, and the thundering shout of the choir all mournfulness is at an end. We feel that God has accepted our expiatory work of Lent, pardons us, and permits us to hear once more the song of heaven.

## Placidus Kempf, O. S. B.

**T**HE word *Alleluia* is formed from two Hebrew words—*Hallel* and *Jah*. *Hallel* means—praise. *Allelu*—praise ye, or shout with jubilation. *Jah* or *Jahve* is the Hebrew word for God. To the Jews this name was so holy that they did not dare to pronounce it as it was written. They put to the consonants J-H-V the vowels from another word meaning "The Holy One"—Adona. (*JeHoVa*)

**"A**LLELUIA" says the Abbot Rupert of Deutz, "is like a stranger amidst our other words. Its mysterious beauty is as though a drop of heaven's overflowing joy had fallen down to earth. The Patriarchs and Prophets relished it, and the Holy Ghost put it upon the lips of the Apostles, from whom it flowed even unto us. It signifies the eternal feast of the Angels and Saints, which consists in their endless praise of God, and in their ceaseless singing their new admiration of the beauty of God, on whose face they are to gaze for everlasting ages. This mortal life of ours can in no wise attain to such bliss as this.

**F**OR this reason the word "Alleluia" has not been translated; it has been left in its original Hebrew, as a stranger, to tell us that there is joy in its native land, which could not dwell in ours; it has come among us to signify rather than express that joy."

**I**F WE seek for the reason why the Church uses this short hymn of praise so often during Paschal time, we shall find it in the preface of today's festive Mass: "It is truly meet and just, that at all times, but more especially on this day, that we should extol Thy glory, O Lord, when Christ, our Pasch, is sacrificed. For He is the true Lamb that hath taken away the sins of the world; Who by dying hath restored our life."

**I**N HEAVEN alone is this song most beautiful. When an exile on the island of Patmos, waiting for his master's summons to come home, St. John had a vision of heaven. Of this he tells us: "I heard, as it were, the voice of much people in heaven, saying: *Alleluia*, Salvation, and glory and power is to our God—And again they said: *Alleluia*. And the four and twenty ancients and the four living creatures fell down and adored God that sitteth upon the throne, saying: Amen. *Alleluia*. And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of great thunders, saying: "*Alleluia*; for the Lord, our God, the Almighty, hath reigned. Let us be glad and rejoice, and give glory to Him, for the marriage of the Lamb has come." For centuries John has taken his place in that grand choir, joining in that ceaseless *Alleluia*.

# NO MATTER HOW YOU SLICE IT----

James Moriarty

**I**S YOUR "hubby's" salary sufficient to keep the wolf away from the threshold? Would you like to have him advanced at the office? Perhaps even get the Boss's position? Then just start stuffing him with Snorter's Liver Pills. You'll notice the difference immediately; and so will the Boss. The old smile every evening as he steps into the house, the restored youthful vitality in that greeting kiss. His winning personality will assure him of success at the office, more money in the bank, and happiness for you.

And kiddies.... wouldn't you like to have your daddy stop growling at mommy. Just whisper to mommy not to let daddy drink so much coffee and have him drink Tostum. It will make daddy very pleasant and perhaps he'll even buy you a new bicycle just like the kid's in the funny paper.

Ridiculous, isn't it? But if what our advertisers tell us is true, then the obtaining of whatever is desired merely resolves itself into the selection of the proper products and following prescribed directions. Outside of the fact that what they tell us is the same as that substance which is usually wrapped in skins, cut in slices and sold for twenty cents a pound... our only complaint is that they have usurped our Sunday morning comic sections. When we pick up our "funny-papers" now, we are not sure whether it's going to be a cartoon, or a picture story of how Dolly Dimples washes her "socks" and gets her man. For a time the ads were even more laughable than the comics but soon the originality was gone. Now our advertisers find it difficult to make us believe that the eternal fight between Jiggs and Maggie is only the "semi-windup" to the "main-go" between Mr. Coffee Nerves and Mr. Grouch's wife.

These contemporary "creators of public necessities" obtain their kernel of truth from the cob of the popcorn variety.... with emphasis on the pop. Warming the kernels by a combination of their glib tongues, talent for exaggeration, and a principle that the truth is elastic, gives them results that perplex the manu-

facturer and make him wonder if this is really his product or if there hasn't been some mistake. When we see ads of this nature we smile; when we hear them on our radios we laugh. "Those things don't affect us," we boast. They don't?... Do you honestly believe that men who are trained to study the effects of advertising on the people, are spending their good money just to put it in circulation?

Anyone who has reached his majority can well remember when to see a woman smoking a cigarette was as uncommon as a picture with Hitler in the second row. How about today? Quite different. And what is the cause of such a pronounced about-face?... Advertising... Dismissing the influence of the movies as negligible, I would say that advertising is the predominant reason why so many women are keeping tobacco merchants busy declaring dividends. Mind you now.... we're not discussing morality but only trying to show the effect of advertising. That picture on bill-boards, in show-windows, magazines, and newspapers of a woman with a cigarette in her hand made the concept a common thing.... a few women endorsers.... adoption by the society set, which incidentally made it style, and once it was style, then no one could stop it.

But we haven't much kick coming here. If I haven't enough sales resistance to say, "NO," then the advertisers deserve something for their cleverness. Although they have taken some of the zest out of anticipating the annual Liars Club Convention by making the "Liars" look like George Washington after the cherry tree episode, they haven't done any real harm.

But there is another, a subversive type of advertising which has been the exception for some time, but is rapidly becoming the rule. It tends to attract attention by catering to man's lower nature. I mean the cosmetic dealer who would have our young women believe that the greatest asset in life is to be "kissable"; the cigar manufacturer who insists that scientific tests have proven that you must keep your breath in trim by

## UNTIL

Life was so beautiful!

Eden most fair—

Its skies and soft breezes

Love everywhere!

Came the awakening—

Satan and sin,

WHO showed him the way,

How did he get in?

Into every dream

Early or late,

He will invent a way

Woe to create,—

Through life it's a struggle,

Each dawn begin—

You may revel in joy

'Till he gets in.

The freshness of morning

Splendor of night,

No bud, fruit or flower

Knew hint of blight—

The pleasure, the gladness

No language can tell —

GOD! Make the bond stronger,

Hold him in hell.

—Kate Ayers Robert.

smoking only.... "Certified Steamos".... for, any moment you're liable to turn a corner and want to kiss someone; the hose merchant who believes that since he is advertising stockings and stockings alone, there is no logical reason for putting anything else on the model. I mean the lingerie dealer who believes that concentration is the better means and refuses to dress the model in more than one piece of what in the good old days we called, "underwear." They are "snugglies" or "scandal-ettes" now. If these advertisers say that the only reason why they use such means is for advertising purposes, then we can just as logically assert, that the only reason Sally Rand ever did her "fan dance" was to advertise fans.

I remember the time that my aunt posed for an ambitious young artist who was determined to sell his product to a soap company. Not being a professional she received as her pay the robe, slippers, and towels that the young artist bought for his model to wear. If the young women today receive pay in a similar manner I can well understand that they have more than one reason for being slim.

And then there's the type of picture we see so often in magazines and newspapers which is just like the one that came before the "fade-out" in the Pre-Legion of Decency days, with the caption underneath,.... **USE BALDLESS HAIRTONIC** or something of the sort. You've seen the one, too, of a woman who could be judged nothing but a siren by the look in her eyes, and underneath... **HAS A WOMAN LOOKED AT YOU LIKE THIS IN THE LAST TWO MONTHS?....** If not then you need some of our... cigars, toothpaste, or what-have-you.

To the average man and woman this kind of advertising is no more than an insult, but think what evil effects it has on our boys and girls. At present the peddler of the old type pornographic picture probably feels like an electric fan salesman during a hurricane.... it's too "breezy" without him. Our modern "self-appointed

judges of the public's needs" have run these underhand merchants out of business by taking the pictures and putting them on the same page with their product, no matter how far-fetched the connection between the two be. The kids gobble it up and in their simple logic, reason, that anything so common can't be so terribly bad.

I say, to the average man this type of advertising is no more than an insult for that is exactly what it is. Advertisers today try either to give us something we will like, or make us like what they give. Granting the former, they *take* us for degenerates. Conceding the latter, they are trying to *make* us degenerates.

In an attempt not to overlook the other side we must admit that there are still the advertisers who believe that cleverness is better for their purpose than resorting to the risqué. Advertising is interesting when it's clean as well as clever. And I, for one, firmly believe that we can raise the standards by using the proper methods.

**HOW?** By writing to them? Hardly. Our efforts might make the Encyclopedia Americana look like a short-short story but I don't believe they would understand. Then perhaps by protesting? It might do some good but the better solution is to talk to them in a language which they understand and the only language understood by these modern "dictators of the nation's needs" is the language of diminishing sales. Just let sales drop and they will soon investigate the reason why.

It is estimated that \$1,000,000,000 is spent annually in the United States alone on advertising. Whose money is it? That money, my friend, is yours and mine. We with our good hard earned cash are paying these firms well to conduct a Tall Tales Contest and we don't even mind as long as they keep it clean. Sometimes we enjoy it. But when they get "dirty," and many of them have, then it is time to show them how we want our money spent. **WILL YOU DO IT?**

## A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE

Keeping abreast of the times and falling into line with the modern religious opinions means about the same thing to many people. However, the Catholic Church makes the hair-splitting distinction, if you will, and manages to keep abreast of the times without the obvious incongruity of trying to harness her God-given prerogatives to the rickety, lumbering tram of present-day religious, or rather irreligious, beliefs. She simply will not knuckle down to the indignity, nor even the inadvisability, of admitting into her sacred deposit of faith such brazenly false teachings as would give the lie to the very name of dogma. Holy Scripture tells us that the devils believe in God and tremble; but there are godless creatures aplenty right here in our own land who believe absolutely nothing and tremble not a whit at their appalling lack of so necessary a credential for admittance into eternal life. Satan himself might well say to them what he said to the would-be imitators

of St. Paul's miracles: "Jesus I know, and Paul I know, but who are you?"

Surely, the old mistake of putting new wine into old bottles is being repeated with highly disastrous results so often as college divines and sensationalists attempt to dress up their new and fantastic ideas in the dignified and time-honored livery of religion. The wine will certainly burst the bottles; the awkward, frivolous wearers will inevitably bring disgrace upon their borrowed or purloined finery.

Contempt and ridicule for things sacred can be the only harvest to be reaped from the maltreatment of religion. To make the things of God appealing and interesting to the present generation, to win souls to Christ, is the true office of His Church, not to conform her vitalizing principles to the unstable whims of auto-suggestionists. Therefore the Church, at least, makes a clear-cut distinction between progressiveness and flabby pliability in matters of religion.—V.D., O. S. B.



## Open Forum

*This Month*  
A. W. Cole

# ✧ GIVE AND TAKE ✧

### FEAR IS GROUNDLESS

Dear Non-Catholic Readers:

This little message to non-Catholics was inspired by a letter I got this forenoon. Six months ago we moved from the Pacific coast to the Atlantic, and the letter was from an old Protestant friend of ours in the far West. He wrote, among other things, "I wish you folks could have stayed out here in Oregon, a little longer. I had hoped to learn much more about the Catholic Faith from you."

Every Catholic who reads this is going to have a good laugh. Also, I fear most of them will lift an eyebrow a bit, and wonder if what I tell them is true.

I assure Catholics, with all my heart, that what I am about to tell regarding non-Catholics is the plain unvarnished truth, and I was a non-Catholic for forty-four years.

About twenty-five years ago, I stood at the counter in a meat market one day, buying myself some pork chops, or something. I was twenty-five years old, at that time; long past childhood. As I waited there, a black-robed priest of the Catholic Church came in and stood near me. This was the first priest that I had ever seen, in all my life.

I was absolutely paralyzed with fear. I watched every move he made, and listened to every word he said to the clerk behind the counter. I distinctly remember that he bought some steak, and wanted it cut rather thick. This was, as I said, twenty-five years ago, but the incident so impressed me that I can even remember the exact price of the steak, and how much it weighed.

It is the exact truth that I forgot what I was supposed to buy for my-

self, and went home without it. I trembled with nervousness for several hours, and I was never considered to be very much of a nervous, timid man, either.

This is, as I said before, something for Catholics to laugh at. The seriousness of the matter is that most non-Catholics, even today, feel the same way as I did twenty-five years ago. I do not try to explain the reason; I only state the fact.

Since I was received into the Catholic Church, six years ago, I have explained doctrine to probably several hundred men and women at different times. Nearly all of them believe it; and a very great many would like to be Catholics. Then I have to tell them that they must go see an authorized priest of the Church. That puts an end to the matter, even if I offer to accompany them on their first visit.

Speaking from my own experience, I have felt great fear several times in my life. I have heard bullets fly; I have been attacked by wild animals, and so on, but the bravest act I ever performed, in my own judgment, was knocking at the door of a Catholic rectory for the first time.

Non-Catholics, please read on, now: That priest who opened the rectory door for me that evening six years ago has turned out to be the kindest, wisest, and best friend that I ever had in all my life. More than this; during the last six years I suppose I have met and known, very well, at least twenty-five other priests of the Catholic Church. Some young; some old; some tall in stature; some short and rotund. They are all common ordinary men like me. Only, very carefully selected by Mother Church; very care-

fully trained and consecrated to God's service.

Much to be respected; much to be loved; but absolutely nothing to fear.

This is written in the hope that many will read, who are still outside the Catholic Church.

There is another point I want to make clear; and I can do it best by reporting an actual conversation.

In 1932 I had been under instruction in the Catholic Faith for several months before I could persuade my wife to even shake hands with the priest. On about their second meeting my wife said something like this to him: "I suppose I must read your old books a little, to please my husband, but I won't join the Catholic Church if I don't believe what She teaches."

The priest smiled at her and replied, "I would not baptize you under those conditions, either. You have the Catechism and other authorized books of the Church; I will be glad to explain them and to answer any questions you may wish to ask. Take all the time in the world, months, or years, if you wish. When you can say that you understand Catholic doctrine, and believe it in its entirety; then, it is time to talk of baptism."

We studied together for seven months after this, my wife and I, before we were received into the Church—seven very pleasant months.

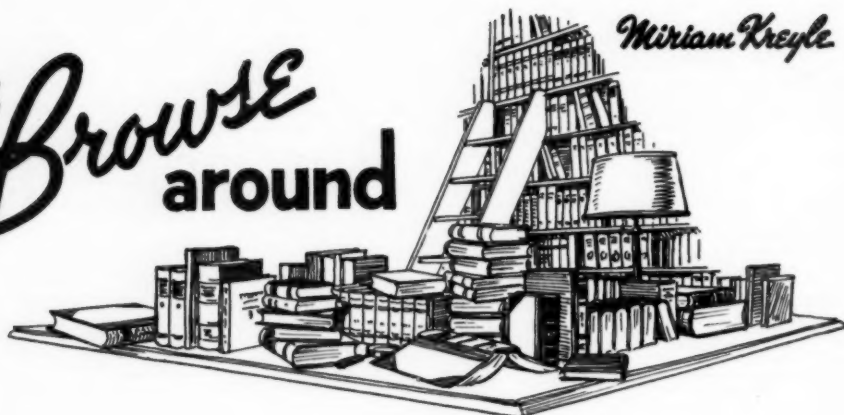
Today, we both consider this good priest of the Church as our very best friend; although we are now 4000 miles away from him. He speaks in his letters of coming to see us next summer. We hope he will.

A. W. Cole.

Berlin, N. H.

# Let's Browse around

Miriam Kreyle



**T**HIS season has witnessed a great renewal of the drama of the Cross through versions of the Passion Play, "Veronica's Veil" or Msgr. Benson's vivid portrayal, "The Upper Room." Everywhere they have been received with encouraging enthusiasm. Religious plays and films have had a fine tribute from Broadway for the past two seasons. "Father Malachy's Miracle" has just closed after a successful run, the film "Cloister" was well received, and while this is being written its companion picture "Monastery" is having its first public showing with Rev. M. J. Ahern, S. J. as the narrator. "Murder in the Cathedral" attracted huge crowds when it was produced by the W. P. A. players last year; it will soon be presented again under new direction. This play was originally written for the annual Festival of Canterbury Cathedral in 1935. Two years later Miss Dorothy L. Sayers won the honor of having her play "The Zeal of Thy House" presented at the same Festival. It was greeted warmly by the London critics who traveled to Canterbury for the performance. Unlike that of Mr. Eliot's work its hero is not a saint but the most human of men, albeit a genius, William of Sens, a French architect who built and designed the great part of the magnificent choir which still stands. In his frantic devotion to his work and foolish pride in accomplishment he rivals Lucifer.

"God's crown of matchless works

Is not complete without my stone,  
my jewel."

His fall is swift and terrible though tempered with an Infinite Mercy that leaves him at the end an humble, broken penitent. There are lines that strike the wrong chord; a harsh note falls here and there, but the play is well worth the reading if only to glean the grains of wisdom that fall from the lips of the Prior as he rebukes the critics of William:

"My son,  
Will you not let God manage His  
own business?  
He was a carpenter, and knows His  
trade  
Better, perhaps, than we do, having  
had  
Some centuries of experience; nor  
will He,  
Like a bad workman, blame the tools  
wherewith  
He builds His City of Zion here on  
earth.  
For God founded His Church, not  
upon John,  
The loved disciple, that lay so close  
to His heart  
And knew His mind—not upon John,  
but Peter;  
Peter the liar, Peter the coward,  
Peter  
The rock, the common man. John  
was all gold,  
And gold is rare; the work might  
wait while God  
Ransacked the corners of the earth  
to find  
Another John; but Peter is the  
stone  
Whereof the world is made."

**W**HEN Blessed Joseph Pignatelli was beatified in 1933 the Holy Father gave an eloquent and glowing review of the heroic virtues of the noble Spanish Jesuit. Before this he was almost unknown to many of us, though his life had been written by several Spanish and Italian

writers. From these sources Monsignor D. A. Hanly compiled his historic volume on the subject. Blessed Joseph, son of a Spanish grandee, first came under Jesuit influence as their private pupil when but a very small boy. He was never to leave that influence but was "destined to be a protecting angel to them in the days of their exile and would lead many of them back into the bosom of the Society after the dark night of the suppression was over." His novitiate was scarcely begun when the storm of malicious propaganda and grotesque fabrications against the Society of Jesus broke over Europe. The fatherly appeal of Pope Clement XIII was fruitless, Charles the Third drove the Jesuits out of Spain in 1762, and by 1773 the demolition was complete; the Society had lost its right to exist. Through forty years of wandering and exile Joseph Pignatelli kept burning the light of hope for his hunted brethren and gave out his abundant and overwhelming charity to all whose need he sensed. Even he himself finally ceased to puzzle whence he secured the funds to continue his works of mercy. The rays of hope became brighter and kindly rulers opened the way for the revival and rebuilding of many of Jesuit houses. Here his singular good judgment, his charm and his wonderful gifts as an organizer were tested and proven. He died in 1811 three years before the restoration of the Order was completed. Monsignor Hanley has definitely attained his purpose: "To

widen the knowledge of the name and character of Blessed Joseph Pignatelli. . . . that in the measure in which he is known he will be admired and regarded with affectionate devotion. It cannot be otherwise if we love that which is beautiful."

IN 1928 Violet Conolly, a young Irish newspaper woman, went to Russia to study and observe the country. That period of study gave her a mastery of the language and an interest in the country that led her through reams of Russian history, and a constant reading of the Soviet Press. She wrote two books on Russia and the East, but they didn't please the Soviet and when she wished to return there to learn something of "the meaning and possibilities of life for the average Russian" she was denied a Consular visa. This meant that she must travel "in tourist" tied to Soviet hotels and under constant trail of official supervision. The result of that trip is *Soviet Tempo* a clever and sprightly report of her daily travels from Moscow to Baku on to Erivean and back to Moscow until her boat leaves Odessa for the Piraeus.

Miss Conolly met the average people, she saw how they lived and heard their problems. She found prosperity and poverty. She found a few churches open of which fourteen were Catholic. On every side the material advantages were choking out the fine ideals of the past. Hers is a reporter's picture of days spent in hotels, trains, the theaters or factories. She does not go into political or economic discussions, you draw your own conclusions from the impressions she reports. On the whole, the Russians are a happy, lovable people swayed by the propaganda of a lying press. They are grateful toward the Communist bureaucrats that are holding a far more terrifying power than the old regime. For the blinkers over their eyes, for their manufactured minds, the sturdy youth of Russia haven't a care. People running at top speed have neither a heart nor head. Russia is running too hard; where will it all end?

LIKE the Prodigal Son who had gone forth and wasted his heritage in riotous living, Western Civilization has squandered its cultural and spiritual inheritance. In his new book, *The Cross and the Crisis*, the latest choice of the Spiritual Book Associates, Monsignor Fulton Sheen applies the famous parable to the modern world. "Western Civilization" is the term for the spirit of culture divorced from traditional Christianity, which is Catholicism. Now that only ruin and barrenness lie ahead the Prodigal must realize that only by returning to the Father's House, by accepting His authority, will peace and happiness be restored. Moscow may rise to the heights of power, the red flag of Russia may defy "the red glow of the Sanctuary Lamp," and the triumph of evil may appear to be complete, but the victory "will lie with Him who has overcome the world." Monsignor Sheen points out there has been a greater de-Christianization of Society in the past hundred years than in any other period of Society. The world has come to the cross-roads; it must now decide whether it shall be crucified by sin or regenerated by the Cross. This book is a powerful, thought-provoking plea, fearless in its implications of the frightful dangers from which we can be saved only by returning to the Cross and faithfully following its lessons.

ROBERT E. FULTON, JR., chose a motorcycle as the best vehicle for his trip around the world. *One Man Caravan* is a printed result of that trip, it is lots of fun, has some thrills and plenty of first-hand information packed in with excellent sketches and illustrations. The trip was no "stunt," the writer was striving to break no records, he wanted to see the world and have adventure. He succeeded abundantly.

On quiet English country roads he tested his new especially-fitted Douglas machine. His itinerary led him across France, the Balkans, and into Turkey. From Damascus across the Syrian Desert to Rajputana, to Punjab and up into the Himalayas of Kashmir. From the seething northwest Province he rolled serene-

ly into the forbidden British garrison at Razmak, on into Afghanistan defying all regulations. In India he "cannon-balled" from Bombay to Calcutta. Across two thousand miles he toured the muddy roads of China, then on to Japan and back "home." If you like books of travel don't miss *One Man Caravan*.

FOR quiet humor, a new flash on art and the technique of dealing with art collectors read Booth Tarkington's *Rumbin Galleries*. His knowledge of art is deep and extensive, he has combined it with his fine understanding of people and used both with telling effect in this amusingly fine story, that introduces three real, live characters. Rumbin, the art dealer, is determined to move his galleries from East 17th Street to Fifty-seventh Street in New York. With a far greater knowledge of human nature than he has of art he employs some astonishing tricks to accomplish his ambition. Howard Catlett, the young assistant has two assets, a dumb face and a cut-away, but he develops real artistic taste and wins the Fifty-seventh Street triumph with a picture of Sir Thomas Lawrence. That isn't all he wins; there is Georgina, Mr. Rumbin's efficient and loyal secretary, —and Howard has learned to appreciate real values. This story deserves greater publicity and more readers.

#### Our April Book Shelf

*Blessed Joseph Pignatelli*, by Monsignor D. A. Hanley, Benziger Brothers \$2.75.

*The Cross and the Crisis*, by Monsignor Fulton Sheen, Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Price \$2.00.

*The Zeal of Thy House*, by Dorothy L. Sayers, Harcourt, Brace & Co., 383 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. Price \$1.50.

*One Man Caravan*, by Robert Fulton, Jr., Harcourt Bruce & Co., 383 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. Price \$2.50.

*Soviet Tempo*, by Violet Conolly, Sheed and Ward, Price \$2.50.

*Rumbin Galleries*, by Booth Tarkington, Doubleday Doran, Price \$2.50.



## ELIAS of the NEW LAW

Charles Dudine, O.S.B.

It would seem little short of blasphemy to assert that a sacramental should bear the blame for having destroyed a valuable piece of property. The casual reader may be very sceptical but the perusal of these lines will offer food for thought.

You may have heard of remarkable cures in sickness and disease thru the devout application of the medal of St. Benedict. The same is often applied in order to implore protection against storm and fire. But to claim that a religious article devoutly applied by clients of St. Benedict for so many centuries should be used to set a house on fire; this is beyond all comprehension.

This short narrative is based on well established facts. The party concerned is still among the living and perhaps among the readers of *THE GRAIL*. The place and details of the occurrence are therefore passed over, lest it might occasion embarrassment to a devout client of St. Benedict.

Some years ago great scandal emanating from a certain center began to spread in every direction. Religion and morality were at stake and the damaging influence was ever on the increase. Thousands of innocent minds were perverted and taught to slander the Church and its saving doctrines.

"The children of the world are wiser in their conceits than the children of light." These words of Holy Scripture were verified in the methods applied by the instigators of these scandals. In their shrewdness and cunning they skilfully covered their traces and deftly avoided whatsoever might offer grounds for legal attack on their infamous and vicious propaganda.

Many were the prayers and devotions offered up by pious souls that God might show His power as of old when oftentimes by a mere act of His Divine Will He overthrew hordes of enemies who were molesting His chosen people.



It was under such stress that a client of St. Benedict bethought herself of the great power evidenced by the Holy Patriarch of Western Monasticism. She recalled how the idols had fallen at his command and how the place of false worship was converted into a monastery where the Benedictine Monks are even today singing the praises of the Most High.

"St. Benedict is no less powerful now than when those idols fell at his command."

Thus argued this devotee of the great Saint. Medals of St. Benedict were forthwith brought in contact with one of the buildings whence the scandal emanated. With ardent fervor she invoked the intercession of St. Benedict that it might please God to correct this terrible abuse.

The devout client of St. Benedict gave little thought as to the manner in which her prayer might be answered. She however entertained no doubt that her petition would be in vain. Had not the Divine Saviour promised the Apostles that they should be able to even remove mountains, provided that their prayer be not wanting in true faith. Surely her confidence in the intercession of St. Benedict would not fail to remove this mountain of scandal.

Whilst devoutly pondering the marvelous miracles of the past and imploring that same help in this emergency she suddenly perceived a deep cloud of smoke issuing from the same building. Soon the entire structure was enveloped in flames and in a very short time all that remained of this breeding place of scandal and perversion was a smouldering mass of ruins. The financial loss of the instigators was so great that they were unable to renew their unholy attack upon God and Religion.

No clue was ever found which might lead to the apprehension of a suspect of incendiarism. Many devout Christians must have looked upon this as an act of God.

One devout client of St. Benedict might have given the desired information had she chosen to divulge the secret. Instead of this she offered a pious prayer of gratitude that God had once more glorified his faithful servant St. Benedict.

### One for Ripley

Citizens of Long Island City, Queens County, may recall that about forty years ago a crematory was under construction in a lot near Sixth and Jackson Avenues. When about one-third completed the project was abandoned "because of many difficulties encountered." There is still living in the same neighborhood a lady who as a child of fourteen watched the foundation dug for that crematory and instinctively felt that its purpose was an unholy one. In her helplessness to stop the work she threw a blessed medal of St. Benedict over the partly built wall into the building, uttering a prayer that it never be completed.



